1575

# THE FUNNY MAG

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OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF BOOKS
8-MAR 1935
MADRAS

**5TH FEB., 1935**

**STAR SKITS**
**BY**
**'MEA'**
**T. L. EDWIN**
**RUBIKON**
**AL RHODES**
**AND**
**DHALO**
**ALSO**
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S. BRAHMA

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## ISSUED EVERY 5th & 20th OF THE MONTH

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# THE FUNNY MAG

PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH

| Vol II. | MADRAS, 5th FEBRUARY, 1935. | No. 13. |
|---|---|---|


## A most Satisfactory Choice of the Speaker

## Sir Abdur Rahim, the New President of the Assembly

## A Great Muslim and A Greater Son of India

OFFICE OF THE ...
8-MAR 1935


*Bhai Funzin:* "Hon'ble Sir Abdur Rahim, I can conceive of no section of the country that does not rejoice in the choice of the Speaker having fallen on your worthy shoulders. True, the Congress Party did not put you up as its candidate. Nevertheless, you are respected and trusted as loyally as if you are their own chosen one. To Madras, your choice comes with a peculiar gratification. In fine, the Chair is as much an honour to you, as you are to the Chair."

196746

# FUNZIN'S FORTNIGHTLY COCKTAIL

"Fifty per cent of men suffer from an inferiority complex," says an eminent psychologist.

The other half are bachelors.

∴

If a man throws a boomerang, it comes back to him.

The same phenomenon occurs if a man throws anything at his wife.

∴

A scientist says that hard work is the secret of success.

It's reading things like this that makes me lose faith in scientists.

∴

An American pub is advertising for an all-round barmaid.

Does this mean that the slimming craze is definitely dead?

∴

Drug smuggling is said to be increasing along the coasts of England.

Still waters apparently also run *dope*!

∴

Archaeologists have excavated the thumb of a million-year-old woman.

Perhaps if they look a little further they will discover a million-year-old man under it!

∴

It is reported that the Archduke Otto is trying to restore the Austrian Monarchy.

This is known as the Perhapsburg throne.

∴

"A pretty woman is just like a tonic."

Yes. The chemist made her up.

∴

'Some modern young men,' says a writer, 'talk for hours at a time.'

The rest are married.

∴

A scientist says that in fifty years' time there will be no kissing because people will have found out how unhygienic it is.

Yes, and then somebody will find out how darn nice it is and it will start all over again.

∴

*Irritable* (Delhi)—"I often lose my temper, but I don't see anything terrible in that."

No: the real trouble is that you always find it again!

∴

"My work is a reflection of my mind," says a contributor.

We agree for the work is blank verse.

∴

"For the life of me," says a mother, "I cannot understand why so many young couples are so mad on eloping."

Nor will the young couples, a little later.

∴

The prodigal son no longer gets the fatted calf."

No, he gets the boot!

∴

"Have you noticed how a baby brightens up the home?" asks a lady.

"Yes. More electric light is certainly used.

∴

"I am absorbed in the study of banking," says a reader. Certainly, the subject is full of of interest.

∴

"I put some money on a going concern and lost it," complains a reader.

Of course, he didn't know it would go the way it did.

∴

A mysterious fire broke out in a Washermanpet pillar-box.

The blaze is thought to have been caused by the spontaneous combustion of a warmly-worded letter to an income-tax collector.

∴

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# INAM

## A STORY OF A CHRISTMAS SHOOT

CYNTHIA and I had been married about six months when we received an invitation from the Maharaja of Ruddipore to spend Christmas in his State and take part in a big game shoot on Christmas day. We had met the Maharaja a month previously when he brought a polo team to take part in the Notsobad polo tournament. On that occasion Cynthia had told him that she longed to see a big game shoot, and the present invitation was the result.

Ruddipore was only a hundred miles from Notsobad, a pleasant drive by car the latter part of which was through the beautiful jungles of Ruddipore State.

We arrived on the afternoon of Christmas Eve and were not disappointed to find that we were to be the only guests and that we were to have the luxurious guest house to ourselves. We were given separate bedrooms, and the guest house officer informed us that tea would be ready for us in the drawing-room as soon as we had washed. He said his instructions were to phone up His Highness who would join us at tea.

No sooner had we sat down to tea when the Maharaja came in. He was a fine specimen of a man, about twenty-five years old, tall and with a lithe athletic figure. He informed us that he had been looking forward to our visit and explaining that he had invited no other guests in order that he might be free to enjoy our society as much as possible. He said he hoped my wife would not mind being the only lady in the party as the Maharani was away on a visit to some relatives.

Cynthia assured him that she had not the slightest objection to being the only lady, she said she was feeling thrilled at her first visit to an Indian State and was looking forward excitedly to the prospect of seeing a big game shoot.

The Maharaja then informed us that after tea he would take us to the club and introduce us to the State officials and that we would have to be ready for an early start in the morning as we would have a 30 mile drive to the shoot. He also told us that there would be a banquet in the palace the following evening.

The next morning we were ready when His Highness called for us in his beautiful car. It was a delightful drive on smooth well-kept

roads through a dense jungle. At the end of the drive we found elephants waiting for us. This was a surprise for Cynthia, and I had forgotten to warn her what to expect. She was looking very charming in what she called her "shikar" dress. This consisted of a khaki blouse and a short khaki skirt which barely reached her knees. Very suitable for walking through long grass but by no means suitable for climbing ladders. However, it was too late to do anything now.

The Maharaja led Cynthia to one of the elephants and instructed her to mount the almost perpendicular ladder. A man stood on each side of the ladder, holding it in place. The Maharaja stood at the foot of it, waiting to follow Cynthia up, one or two men of the party stood round watching. Although Cynthia's stockings were long—reaching half-way up her thighs—we were given a generous view of white flesh as she neared the top of the ladder. The Maharaja quickly followed her, and I was told to mount another elephant with the Prime Minister.

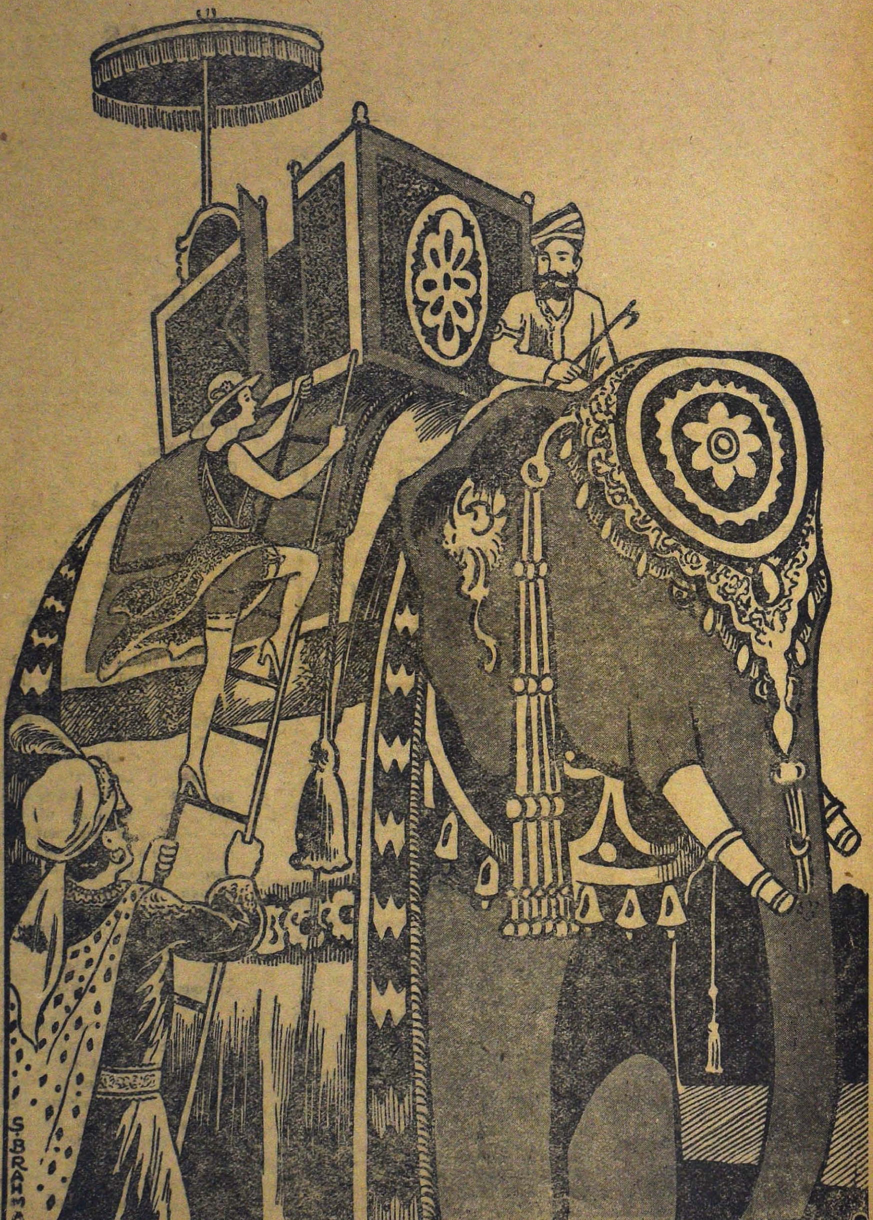
A glorious ride through the jungle, of about two miles, brought us to the machan. Here we had to dismount. The word had evidently been passed round that a pretty sight might be expected, for several men had collected and were looking up expectantly as Cynthia climbed down the ladder, nor were they disappointed. But there was more to follow. The machans were high in the trees, and long ladders lead up to them. We were told that Cynthia and the Maharaja would occupy the first one, and the whole party stood round and watched the poor girl ascend while the State photographer was busy with his cinematograph camera. Fortunately he was not able to obtain as complete a view as those who were standing directly beneath the ladder.

When the Maharaja had climbed up and joined Cynthia the rest of the party moved off and we ascended to our various machans. We remained on these machans for about two hours while we listened to the beaters in the distance, gradually approaching. We heard their shouts and the breaking of brushwood, the crashing of wild animals rushing through the jungle, and after what seemed a very long wait to me, though I've no doubt the time passed all too quickly for Cynthia and her companion, first one terrified animal and then another broke cover. One fine tiger was killed and various smaller game.

After a time we descended from our machans, remounted the elephants and went some miles further into the jungle where we occupied other machans, but before we ascended these machans we had a sumptuous picnic lunch.

I need hardly say that each time Cynthia ascended and decended the

ladders she was the object of intense interest, even when seated on the ground during lunch her short skirt failed to do its duty properly and those of us who were seated opposite her were constantly given glimpses



of feminine charms which are usually concealed. It was during lunch that I noticed one of the buttons of her blouse was undone and a considerable portion of a firm white breast was visible.

At dusk we descended from the machans for the last time and mounted the elephants for the final trek to where the cars were awaiting us. It was almost dark by the time we reached the cars. I saw the Maharaja standing at the foot of the ladder that my wife was descending from the elephant. He was holding her ankles and pretending to guide her feet on to the rungs. As she gradually descended his hands ascended and disappeared from view. He lifted her from the ladder as if she was no weight and placed her on the ground.

The Maharaja suggested that he should drive home with my wife at once in order that she might have a rest and that I should stay and see the day's bag borught in. Not wishing to spoil sport I agreed.

Bringing in the game, paying off the beaters and doing one thing or another, delayed us a full hour. Then drinks were produced and it was an hour and a half after the Maharaja and Cynthia had departed that we set out on the homeward drive which was taken in a leisurely fashion.

On arrival at the guest house I went to Cynthia's room and found she was just going to have her bath. Very alluring she looked in her flimsy dressing-gown.

"Well" I said "how do you like big game shooting and what sort of a day did you have."?

"It was simply topping" replied Cynthia, enthusiastically, "I loved every minute of it, I never imagined it would be half so nice. I felt like a bird up on those machans."

"Love bird, I suppose" I answered "and I'll bet His Highness felt a love bird too".

Cynthia ignored this remark and prattled on, telling me how exciting it was hearing the animals coming nearer and nearer!

"Did His Highness give you his rifle to hold"? I asked.

"Yes" replied Cynthia, thoughtfully "how did you know"?

"Oh, I just thought that would happen when out shooting; these Maharajas are very proud of their rifles you know, especially when they are young."

"What a fine man His Highness is" remarked Cynthia "so strong and so active".

"Yes" I answered, "A handy man in a tight place, I should imagine".

Cynthia looked at me as if trying to read my mind. She is never quite sure whether my remarks have a double meaning and she is generally afraid to ask

"What nonsense Kipling wrote about the East and West never meeting." she said.

"Utter tosh" I replied "why they often join and become one."

"What do you mean"? asked Cynthia, suspiciously.

"Oh, you know quite a number of Indians marry English girls" I said, casually.

Cynthia was blushing. She hadn't been able to lose this habit cf hers, and I must admit she looks terribly attractive when she does it.

"Yes, of course they do" she agreed "and why shouldn't they? I think Indians are very fascinating"

"Especially a certain Maharaj!" I said teasingly,

"Don't be silly" said Cynthia, pertly "I certainly think he is a very charming man."

At this moment a servant brought in a small parcel and letter addresses to Cynthia. I noticed that she was trembling with excitement as she opened them. The parcel contained a superb and valuable pearl necklace, the letter was as follows:

"Most charming lady

I hope your Ladyship will honour me by accepting this little tribute to your fascinating beauty and in memory of the most delightful day it has been my good fortune to enjoy. I hope you will be graciously pleased to adorn your fair neck with it this evening.

Your devoted admirer

**Ruddipore"**

Cynthia was blushing furiously, but was obviously delighted both with the gift and letter.

"Ought I accept such a valuable present"? she asked me,

"I don't see how you can refuse without giving offence" I replied "You appear to have made an impression!"

Cynthia was in raptures. She put on the necklace and looked at herself in the mirror. How "perfectly lovely!" she exclaimed.

"Yes" I said "he evidently thinks so."

"I mean the necklace, of course" she pouted.

"It could not have found a more beautiful resting place than where it is." "I assured her.

I then left her to finish her toilet and went to have my bath and dress for dinner, When I was ready I proceeded to the drawing-room where I found Cynthia waiting. She certainly looked superb. Her low cut evening frock showed off her glorious figure to perfection. Her bare white shoulders and arms would have been an inspiration to any poet, but her generously exposed bosom was a feast that would delight the eyes of any man. Her glorious breasts looked as though they might escape from the flimsy portion of her frock that barely covered their tips. She made a ravishing picture, and although it was one I was well accustomed to I could not help admiring it. I could well imagine the effect her appearance would have on all who would see her. The magnificent necklace was indeed a fitting adornment to her womanly beauty. As it hung suspended from her neck it almost reached the top of the alluring valley between her breasts, giving one the impression that if free it would certainly descend to that delightful region.

"Cynthia" I exclaimed "you look glorious. I don't wonder His Highness is nuts on you. I have never seen you look better.

"Don't be silly, you goose" she laughed "all the same I'm glad you think so and it was nice of you to say so."

"She came forward and kissed me. Rather a naughty little kiss which was cut short by the entry of a servant, announcing the arrival of our car.

It was as I expected. Cynthia's entry into the Durbar Hall, where the guests were being received by the Maharaja, caused a sensation, People stopped talking and all turned to look at this vision of revealed beauty. His Highness at once came up and greeted us, and his looks of pleased approval were obvious. He could not keep his eyes off her.

After dinner we were taken to see the Maharaja's Cinema. We were shown various happenings in the State. A Viceregal visit, Birthday celebrations etc., and finally the film that had been "shot" that very morning. When that portion was shown in which Cynthia was climbing the ladder I could feel the excitement among the spectators, and I wondered how Cynthia was feeling as she watched what we had seen from the ground. As she climbed the ladder we could see more and more of her lovely legs until presently glimpses of white thighs above the top of her stockings came into view. We could see the

'FUNNY MAGZIN'

# February Lucky Number Scheme

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Rs. 25 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the two 1st Lucky numbers.

Rs 10 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the three 2nd Lucky numbers.

Rs. 5 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the four 3rd Lucky numbers.

The list of Lucky numbers will be published in the issue of Funny Magzin dated 5—2—35.

men standing below the ladder and frankly looking up. We could see them nudging one another as they obtained an extra good glimpse.

I could imagine Cynthia's blushes and felt sorry for her. She may or may not have known how much she was showing, but she had no idea that it was all being photographed.

When eventually we got back to the guest house Cynthia exclaimed: "That awful film: and those dreadful men looking up like that. I do think it was beastly of them. Do you think they could really see anything?"

"I suppose when you say 'anything' you mean 'everything'" I remarked.

"Heavens: you don't mean to say they could be so very rude," exclaimed Cynthia, blushing furiously.

"Never mind, darling" I said soothingly "I expect most of them were married and anyhow it was a mishap they can't help."

"I do think you might have warned me we should have to climb ladders," said Cynthia "I could at least have worn something under my skirt."

"Well, its no use crying over spilt milk," I answered, and to change the subject I asked her if her necklace had been admired.

"Oh, yes." She said "Most of the men admired it and made flattering remarks about the wearer."

"Not flattering, but true" I said, and this time I received a complete and uninterrupted kiss.

"What shall we call my necklace?" asked Cynthia, when we had recovered our breath. Those kisses do take one's breath away.

We have a way of naming most of our possessions. I don't know why: it's just a little fad of ours.

"Oh, call it *Inam*," I answered.

"What does inam mean?" She asked.

"Inam means a reward for being a good girl." I explained.

"Was I a good girl?" asked Cynthia, innocently.

"Of course, you are always good *and* clever." I said approvingly, "And now" I continued "we will have a little drink before we go to bed.'

Cynthia poured out the drink, and as she bent over the table the vision I obtained of glorious white bosom, trembling sufficiently to show they were not made of marble, was entrancing in the extreme.

As she handed me my glass she looked towards me and raised her own to her lips,

Raising my glass I gave her the toast: "East and West" I said.

She smiled and murmered: "May they often meet". Then looking down at the necklace she took it in her hand and raising her glass to her lips again, said: "My inam."

---

*Teacher*: "Now, Tommy—point to America."

*Tommy*: "There, Miss!"

*Teacher*: "Right—and who discovered it?"

*Tommy*: "I did Miss; nobody told me."

---


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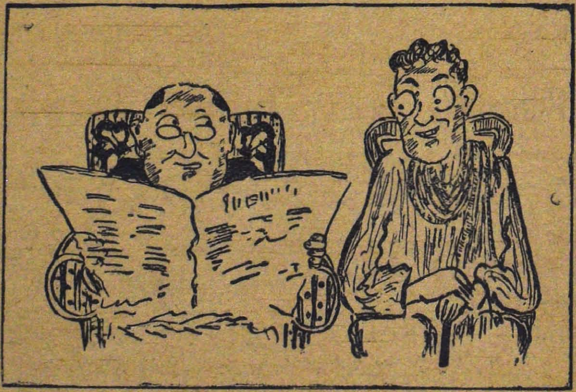
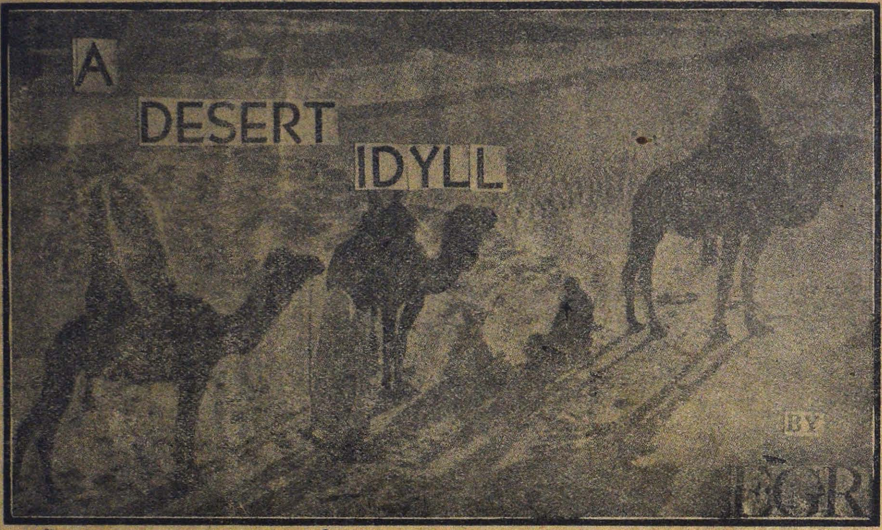


*Menon.* 'So you're doing good business in the Gramphone trade, etc?"
*Nnir* "Yes, sold 1000 last week."
*Menon.* "Heavens! 1000 Gramophones in a week?"
*Nair.* "Not exactly, I sold 1000 needles."




ALI Ben Hassan, son of the Sheik of Wadi Halifana, was a youth handsome to behold. He was indeed one who would occasion a second glance by those who chanced to pass him, comprising as he did the physique of an Apollo and the features of an Adonis.

Ali was twenty and though his father's village boasted many fair young maidens, he had never cast more than a disinterested glance in their direction. He devoted all the time at his disposal in hunting and learning to be as proficient at the art of warfare as were his father and his tribesmen.

It chanced on one occasion, that Ali had accompanied some few of his companions on a hunting trip into the desert. After an exciting day which had been full of incident and during which he had excelled himself by his prowess, being some leagues from their village the band decided to camp for the night in the desert.

After a simple but frugal meal, the members of the party retired to what may be in the truest sense of the word termed a well-earned rest.

Ali by his own reckoning could not have slept more than an hour, when a sand storm enveloped the camp. Eagerly he sought his camel to make all ready to protect both himself and his beast from the elements.

Some time later, when the storm had abated, wriggling out of the sand which covered him he looked about him and discovered to his dismay that except for his camel, no other living thing was in sight. In the confusion of the storm he reasoned, he must have somehow been separated from his companions.

Ali was too true a son of the desert to give way to despair. He knew his home lay in a northerly direction and thither he headed his camel.

Dusk was falling when he discerned a light in the distance. Risking it being that of an enemy, he steered for it and at last came to a few tents, the light emenating from the largest. Dismounting, he approached cautiously and looking inside was surprised to see that the only occupant was a woman, unveiled, and it did not take more than that second to reveal to him that she was fairer than any that he had seen in his own village.

She seemed to sense his presence, and rising she beckoned to him to enter. He did

(*See page 20.*)

# THE Unexpected Clue

—:(o):—

BY DHALO

It is a curious fact that although two persons may be very friendly to all outward appearances, one of them may be hating the other. It is even more curious, that the cause of hatred may be trivial, and that one may in consequence thereof, be planning the murder of the other-such is the strangeness of human mind! Therefore, if their mutual friends had thought that Komali and Kodali were on gushing terms of friendship, they were entirely wrong. Komali had a grudge against Kodali and nursed his grievance in his mind. The reason was, that when Komali had tried to touch Kodali for a fiver, the former had roughly refused to lend. Komali took the refusal as an insult, and his sensitive mind was so much piqued that he magnified the lapse as unforgivable and even worthy of avenging by murder.

Komali therefore planned the murder of Kodali, and worked on the theme with due caution. He continued his friendship with his victim, so that the act when completed would not rouse any suspicion. He studied cheap thrillers and went to the pictures to formulate his *modus operandi*. But to his obsessed mind, the methods of the villains in the thrillers and the movies looked crude. They let too many chances slip, and those poor fish were eventually found out too.

Therefore, he gave the go-by to the Heath Robinson contraptions, adopted by the villains in fiction, and acted on his own. His scheme was simple, yet killing; and killing in such a way that the theory of accident would completely cover the death without even a scintilla of suspicion. Not even the cleverest detective, blessed with the combined brains of Sherlock Holmes and all other detectives created in fiction, would guess the truth—much less the untrained Indian Police. His plot

was the perfection of the perfect murder.

Kodali was fond of swimming and fancy diving at the laterite tank in his home town, and Komali used to be his companion on such occasions. Kodali's death would be found to be caused by his cranium hitting one of the sharp corners of the tank, while taking a high plunge.

So, Komali, armed with a pointed dagger, made to his order at the Local Iron Works, accompanied Kodali to the tank, and while the latter was making a high dive, he waited in the water. As his victim's head nearly touched the water, Komali lifted the stileto and drove it right into his brain and dived along with him. The blade went in almost up to the hilt. To draw it out as from a sheath and drop it in the water was the work of a minute. Then Komali went home and awaited developments. A few hours later, he heard that the body was found floating in the tank, and that a bleeding injury on the head was noticed by the police, who had already formed the theory of accidental death by the head striking against a laterite corner. Komali was safe. The act was done.

This is no thriller. No clever detective works from clue to clue to find out the truth; yet, truth was out. An unsuspecting sub-assistant surgeon conducting the post mortem, probed the wound on the head, and felt the presence of some foreign matter. He extracted the tip of the blade, and informed the police. The police searched the tank, among the places, for the broken weapon, and got it from there. The maker's name engraved on the broken blade led the police to the Iron Works, and from there to Komali — Komali was arrested. He had not known that when he drew out the dagger, a bit of the blade was left in the wound. The bane of the perfect murder was the imperfect blade.

—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*P.B. No. 167, Sowcarpet, Madras.*

# Venkat on Pets

By T. L. EDWIN

"LIFE" said Venkat chucking his cap on my table and thereby upsetting the ink-bottle, "Life is nothing without a child.
To see their childish pranks and hear their prattle is the highest of all blessings".

"Who is the girl this time?", I inquired.

"Girl?" Venkat echoed blankly.

"Who said anything about girls?"

Well, you certainly seemed to be drawing in that direction when you spoke about the blessings of children," I said.

Venkat sighed.

"At times you're very dull", he complained.

"Got a fag?" he inquired presently.

"Some in the tin over there", I said nodding towards them.

That's better. Might as well take two or three while I am about it; save me asking again, won't it?"

"It may", I agreed curtly.

Venkat put down the tin, felt into my pocket for matches, and lit up the cigarette.

"Talking about children," he continued, blowing a perfectly shaped ring of smoke, 'since one can't get them——————"

"Why not?", I interrupted. "All You've got to do is to go right ahead and marry."

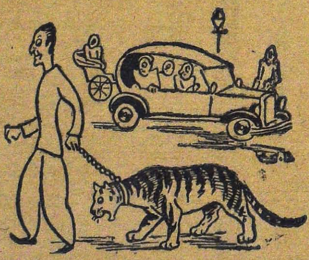
"It's not as easy as all that milad. One can't get married so quick."

"Then why do you bother about children?"

"What. I'm coming to that. Since it ain't easy to acquire a child, the best substitute is a good pet."

"That's easy. You can get a dog anywhere," I said.

"There you go again. What's the use of a dog? I hate 'em. They have a strange way of yawning and making queer noises. Further they can be quite a bother at times. Chewing up slippers, barking the whole house down etc.'



"What about a cat," I suggested brightly.

Venkat sniffed.

"That ain't no good either. Cats are women's pets. They are only good for purring, catching mice, washing themselves, and filling the house with kittens. It would come and lie down on my face when I sleep late in the mornings. And jump through my news-paper, just as I was getting into a difficult European dead-lock. And insist on sleeping on my lap. The best that can be said of cats is that at one time, according to Historians, the ancient Egyptions worshipped them as sacred. And look at the condition of Egypt to-day! And the row they make at nights. They get upon the garden walls and oscillate their vocal chords and thus spread insomnia far and wide. No, cats are definitely out.

"What I want is not on ordinary pet. I want something unique. Something that would make people sit up and take notice of, when I lead it out for a walk. Now, I have gone into the matter very carefully with a side-rule and a logarithm table, and I have decided to have an unicorn.

"But", I interrupted, hardly able to suppress a laugh, "But the unicorn ain't an animal. Leastaways it doesn't exist."

"Don't be silly I have read about them," said Venkat.

"Yes. But it is only a fictitious beast!"

"Well, that knocks the bottom out of my schemes. But on second thoughts, I think I'll have a Tiger. One can pick up a tiger for Rs. 500/- I'm sure.

"Of late the Maharajahs and foreign potentates have left them alone and these tigers have married each other as tigers will, with the result that Bengal simply teems with these striped quadrupeds.

"Yes. That's a good idea. There is some dignity in a tiger, and when I take him out for a walk, I'm sure even the traffic will be suspended. Everybody will notice me and respect me. Further it is an useful beast. No burglar would ever dare to

approach the house with good old Mister Stripes prowling about. And if one who didn't know of my tiger tries to get in, he would be frightened out of his wits by my tiger's long reverberating roar. In the same way it will come in handy for keeping out insurance agents, Income-tax officers, rent collectors and salesman.

I can also take him out with me on my business calls. On such occasions his help will be invaluable. Supposing the Editor of "Funny Magzin" begins rejecting my article, I would call on him with my pet and give him a few ideas from my brain-pan. Imagine what the effect would be of such an interview, with good old Stripes looking hungrily at the Editor and his associates! That would make them act pretty quick There will be no more rejections and payments will be made before acceptance!

"What this world needs is originality Milad. For example take Tiger racing.

I'm sure if you go the right way about it, it's sure to become very popular. Just as they use an electric hare for hound racing, we can substitute a dummy man. Imagine a pack of hungry tigers chasing round and round the ring with leaps and growls. That'd sure be rare sport! And what a yell would greet the Maharajah of Rajpipla as he leads in his tiger the winner!.

Moreover a man who's got a tiger for a pet would be enhanced in the eyes of the fairer-sex.

They would be referring to him in their conversations.

"My dear," they would say.

"I met an extraordinary man last week. What do you think he keeps?"

"An A. J. S. motor cycle? A Morris Two-seater?", the others would ask.

"No. You are a long way off. He keeps a marvellous Tiger! It has the most lovely stripes, like the saree the Excise Inspector's wife Saku was wearing last thursday!"

I thought it was high time I intervened and dampened Venkat's soaring fancies.

"But ain't it dangerous. Even the post-man wouldn't call on you", I said.

"Nonsense, There's absolutely no danger. All you've got to do is look him in the eye without flinching and feed him regularly."

Yes. And supposing the Tiger decided to have a snack between meals and begins to look at you hungrily, and start sharpening its claws on the almirah, it will be a kettle of fish indeed. And what about your girl friends Sakunthala and Vijayal. They would keep a long way off from you."

Venkat stroked his chin thoughtfully. He was evidently stumped.

"There's some truth in what you say. On second thoughts I think that the best pet about the house is a thing in *sarees.* Like that Brahmin girl Indrani, for instance", he concluded.

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# Exit The Moon!

By A. L. Rhodes.

ACCORDING to a statement made recently by the celebrated scientist Sir James Jeans, the moon will one day snap to pieces. When exactly that day will come, no one can say, but come it certainly will-we have the word of a world-famed scientist for that It may be this year or next. It may be a hundred years hence or a thousand, or perhaps ten thousand. It may be any time-even to-morrow.

To wait with folded arms until the catastrophe overtakes us is undoubtedly not the very best way of meeting the situation. Now that we know for a certainty that the thing will really happen, it is up to us to do something about it, and in anticipation of it. But need I say, nothing will be done. We will go on treating the prediction as yet another huge joke and will only realise its full significance when, like Vesuvius in the glorious days of Pompeii, the calamity itself will burst in upon us.

How exactly men will react to the disruption of the moon it is not easy to conjecture. As however the affliction will be of a universal nature, I suppose it will be viewed at from a universal point of view, and the whole world will join hands and discuss ways and means of grappling with the situation. The League of Nations will, I suppose, be the proper party to tackle the problem, and I dare say by then the League—that is if it still exists—will have been well enough established to do things. A very urgent meeting of the delegates will doubtless be summoned, and the president's opening speech will in all probability be something like the following:

"Gentlemen, the business before the House this evening is as unique as it is onerous. Never in the annals of history has any representative body been called upon to find a solution to a question of such paramount importance as it is our profound duty to do to-day. Need I remind you Gentlemen, that we are here this evening to discuss what means we should adopt to meet the extremely difficult situation that has arisen as a result of the lamented disruption of our Lunar Orb?

"As you will remember, it was on the 29th of February in this year of Grace Two Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty-five that half the world was suddenly plunged into darkness. The extent of the damage wrought on that awful night is terrible to consider.

From Australia comes the distressing report that the Fifth Test Match-these matches as you know are now only played with the aid of condensed moonlight-was suddenly interrupted by the unexpected failure of the source of light, and that too, just as Whizzlet, the Australian toe-line speed-merchant was delivering one of his hottest ones to Bull, the famous British all-rounder. It appears too, in the confusion that followed, a resourseful school-boy, taking advantage of the situation quietly sneaked away the historic ashes from where they were kept, and in his attempt to make good his escape upset the ashes all over the field. Both countries are rather sore over the whole affair, and I'm afraid this incident will create fresh difficulties for the League.

" From Hawaii comes the news that one hundred and eighty-nine spooning couples lost their way that night. In an open-air dance over there, quite a number of young lovers got mixed up, the girls being reached to the wrong homes by the wrong young men. The shore scouts on that romantic island report that over a hundred guitars and straw hats have been washed ashore, and that the whole length of beach is strewn with lipsticks a d rouge and other womanly paraphernalia.

" These, gentlemen, are but a few instances of the terrible havoc caused by the sudden and lamented demise of our late friend the Moon. Pitiful tales of destruction and woe are still pouring in from these and other affected areas, areas that had the misfortune of having full-moon or near full-moon at the time of the catastrophe. It is our purpose to make a complete and exhaustive collection of these reports and to preserve them in the archives of this Institution, to stay here as a lasting memento and record of one of the most unusually stupendous of international disasters."

And having divested himself of this ponderous oration the president, I presume, will call upon the other members present, to put forward their proposals for the immediate relief of the stricken world. The minutes of the meeting would doubtless make very interesting reading, and one might be excused for being tempted to even wish for the catastrophe, be it only to know how Posterity will propose to solve the difficulties attendant on it.

There will be a bit of a confusion as all the members rise simultaneously in their eagerness to be the first to give their views on the subject, and it is only reasonable to suppose that the one with the most powerful voice succeeds in silencing the rest and having his say first. Let us assume that this man represents-oh, but we will assume nothing, for fear of hurting the susceptibilities of any particular nation. We'll merely say that one member from the group speaks. What he will say no one can predict, but it can hardly be anything very different from the following :

" Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, personally I think it will be wise for us to concentrate at present on the main issue, that is, the disappearance of the moon. The moon was there

and is now not there. Therefore, we must fill the vacancy and make unto ourselves another moon. It is hardly reasonable for us to expect the world which has for so many centuries been enjoying the benign influence of the moon to be now able at short notice-in fact at no notice at all-to do without it. We must, I repeat, have in consequence of this a suitable substitute, and that too, quick.

" We owe it to the future of mankind to see to it that immediate steps are taken to set up something to take the place of the moon. As you are well aware, the moon has from the very earliest times been almost always an essential adjunct to love-making. As love-making is admittedly a biological necessity, being the most usual prelude to marriage, and marriage is absolutely necessary for the promulgation of the human race, you will, I am sure, agree with me that the disruption of the moon has struck a vital blow to humanity, and that unless something is done to counteract the evil, mankind will in a few years cease to exist."

And having had his say the speaker will sit plump on his cushioned seat and another will rise up to propound his views on the all-important question.

" I agree, Gentlemen," he will begin, " that the making of an artificial moon will have to be our first concern for the preservation of the human race, but I should like to remind you that, while concentrating on this we must on no account over look the side issues. You know that the moon-the late moon-was solely responsible for our Tidal System, and that with the absence of the moon, this System, is to-day absolutely non-existent and the sea is one vast sheet of unruffled water.

" Need I tell you, Gentlemen, that the rapid development of our navies have been in a great measure due to the necessity of our having to battle constantly with the ocean waves, and that with the disappearance of this danger element our navies will soon become imbecile and inefficient. Moreover, we must not forget our bathers. Sea-bathing, as the learned doctor here will corroborate, is a very healthy practice, and as without waves and tides sea-bathing will lose its glamour and its main attraction, I propose that, both for the protection of our navies and the health of our peoples, proper steps be taken to restart the Tidal System by artificial means." Saying which, this learned gentleman will resume the warming of his chair, and another will rise to fill the vacancy.

" Gentlemen, I am pleased to see that we are making real progress in the business we have assembled here to discuss. The views expressed by the learned speakers will, I am sure meet with the approval of the House. And now Gentlemen, having attended to the practical side of the question, let us look at the abstract and the academic aspect of it. From the very earliest times the moon has always found a front seat in the literature of the nations, both in prose and poetry. Our poets and the poets of the glorious past have constantly sung the praises of the moon, so that, with the moon gone from our midst, this flow has been suddenly interrupted, never, alas, to start again.

"I therefore propose, Gentlemen, that a committee be appointed and commissioned to gather together from all parts of the world, all the literary works possible that have the least reference to the moon, and to have these works housed in a special library to be set up under the auspicies of this League, so that Posterity may have a lasting record of the happy days when the moon still existed to glorify the earth."

Such I fancy will be the gist of the suggestions that will be put forward by the learned members of the League. As to how they will propose to put these into effect-well, time alone will reveal. Regarding the setting up of an artificial moon, I for my part would suggest that as it will not be feasible to have an imitation moon that would light up as big an area as the real moon does, many moons be set up instead of only one, each one of these serving the needs of a particular strip of the earth's surface. These moons, which would be huge incandescent electric globes, could be tacked to the under-side of giant air-ships that would ride slowly high up in the stratosphere after sunset. The illusion of the various phases of the moon could easily be obtained by the periodical adjustment of a black detachable disc underneath the globe. With such an arrangement it would even be possible to have an annual eclipse of the moon.

The question of tides and waves could also be overcome without much difficulty. It will only be necessary to install huge water-mill sort of churns, each a mile or so long, in several places in the high seas. The motive power for these machines would be electricity generated from the chemicals in the sea itself, and the League would in consequence have to bear only the initial capital expenditure of the enterprise. This expenditure and the other for the setting up of the artificial moons could be met from an international fund specially created by the League

So that's that-I mean that's how things will in all probability be if, well, if the moon goes out, which Heaven forbid. Anyway, as folks say, it's an evil wind that blows no one any good. The moon may go-more's the pity; but if the moon goes-if our lunar orb disappears, lunacy disappears too, and that's a consolation. Happy Posterity! Hooray!

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# THE WOLF.

BY
H. N. CLAY.

ONE moment darkness was everywhere. The next a little circle of light sprang into existence as the intruder pressed the button of his electric torch. The circle veered about the room slowly, cautiously, bringing into view the thick rich carpet on the floor, the row of glistening books, the broad baize topped table in the centre, and atlast the diminutive safe placed unobstrusively in a corner. There it rested expanding as the intruder moved closer........

With a quiet grunt the intruder set to work, first turning off his torch as a measure of precaution. His expert fingers caressed the smooth cold knob of the safe's dial. His sensitive ears strained to their most efficient pitch listened for the tumblers ticking.

Upstairs, Sir Michel Standish, the great actor, stood before the mirror of his dressing table adjusting a mask. His shrewd eyes held a mischievous sparkle; the corners of his finely chiselled lips curled in silent amusement. Sir Michel Standish was getting ready for another of his superb characterisations. But this time there would be no hoarse-throated wide-eyed fans to applaud his art. He was going to perform solely for the benefit of a frightened burglar.

"Ahem"

The intruder started, in his fright knocking a vase off its stand.

---

"Lumme, it's a cop guv'nor" he said turning nis back to the safe and instinctively raising his hands.

Sir Michel lit the small torch he had brought with him and focussed its beams on the face of the snivelling burglar.

"It is not a cop, my friend" he drawled, "though I confess I wanted to wring your neck when I first saw you here."

"Lumme guv'nor I ain't taken nuffink—I ain't s'elp me" said the thoroughly frightened burglar.

"Calm yourself" continued Sir Michel soothingly "I am not going to hurt you. But one warning. If you cross my path again—" he smiled menacingly—"well, you have heard how ruthless "*The Wolf*" can be."

The Intruder seemed to shrivel in stark horror. He licked his dry lips and gulped convulsively.

"The Wolf? I say guv'nor I didn't know *you* was to come here to-night or I wouldn't have put me foot inside of this ruddy house."

"Well" said Sir Michel his eyes gleaming darkly through the slits in his mask "I am waiting for you to leave; and you needn't hold your hands up. I never carry a gun.

The Intruder let his hands fall to his side and bending picked up his kit of tools. Rolling it up he slipped into his bulging coat pocket.

"Hurry up" hissed Sir Michel "and before you go I will thank you to hand me over that bundle of notes which you so obligingly removed from the safe."

The Intruder's jaw fell open as he reluctantly thrust his hand into his breast pocket.

"Here you're guv'nor" he muttered passing the packet of crisp newspaper.

Sir Michel took it and nodded.

"Now beat it" he said.

Loathe to go without his booty the Intruder slowly moved toward the window. Raising it he scrambled over the sill, hung on for a couple of seconds and then jumped. Sir Michel snw him sink into a flower bed and then swiftly disappear in the shadows beyond his garden wall. Suddenly he burst out into ringing high-pitched laughter.

The next morning Sir Michel's butler informed him that he hoped it was going to be a fine day.

"Umm, yes Perkins" mumbled Sir Michel stretching himself. "Thanks, but I won't have any eggs to-day."

Perkins raised his eyebrows a little and then bowed.

"Very good sir" he said, removing the rejected dish from the salver.

"Any letters for me Perkins?"

"Ah yes, Sir. Three. This one was delivered by special

messenger only half an hour ago."

Sir Michel took the last-named letter and looked curiously at the address.

"Oh open it for me Perkins" he yawned, handing it to the servant. Perkins obeyed, smoothed the note inside and looked up at his master who was still yawning.

"Er may I read it to you Sir?"

"Yes please do."

"Hem" began Perkins "My dear Sir Michel, last night I had the honour of witnessing one of your finest performances. I must confess your make-up was excellent and your delivery faultless. Inspired by your nearness perhaps I too was able to put up a splendid performance. It absolutely took you in, my performance I mean, though it was very trying to keep on imitating that Cockney accent. Yours very truly, The Wolf.

P.S. About those notes. took the trouble to exchange the bundle I found in your safe for one which I usually carry about with me and the notes in your possession now are all phoney—I beg your pardon—counterfeit."

---

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# Ladies' Page

## BAD MARRIAGES

BY MRS. DIANA CROFT (CANADA.)

MARRIAGE is the only institution that enables men and women to live together and raise childeen with that degree of happiness and self respect that helps them to look the world squarely in the face without fearing either censure or consequences. There are some ultra-modern people who try to defy convention and dwell on the superiority of the irregular union. If such unions could impart the same sense of stability, beauty and satisfaction as marriage, marriage as an institution would have faded out long ago.

Yet there are many bad marriages. A steady stream of separation and maintenance orders issues every day from police courts throughout the world. Divorce figures especially in the West are soaring up.

Let us now see why so many marriages of to-day fail. If we are to believe the evidence of the courts the greatest marriage—wrecker is *indfidelity*. And as nearly always it is the man and not the woman who is found guilty of this offence, we will find out why they are unfaithful.

Most marriages start off with woman holding all the cards. The average man is less, anxious to marry for marrying's sake than the average woman. A man will only run into double-harness if he is under the strong compulsion of love or sex, or because physically and spiritually lonely, he is convinced that real companionship and benefit will result from the union.

But woman regard marriage as a device to get away from condition they dislike. Here, heaven sent, is a man who will provide an escape, pay their bills and set them up in a home.

To a certain type of woman a husband represents merely an endless succession of free meals and after noons at the Cinema. He need only be hypnotized into the belief that she can make him happy, for every man believes that his life's happiness lies in some woman's hands. So she brings out all her arts, all her wiles. She flatters him and dazzles him lures him on and draws back modestly. Finally she lands him and he is hers, to make or mar!

What happens to change the average decent, well meaning man into the unfaithful husband, the deserting husband who bilks at supporting his wife, who grows so to hate his home that he would go anywhere rather than back to it?

Why does he keep the wife short of love, consideration, pleasure, comfort, interest, companionsdip, kisses, clothes and money? For every marriage that goes on the rocks does so because one or other of these essential elements has been lacking in the partnership.

I know many elderly men, who are ignored, cold-shouldered, made to feel as of no account in the home they had worked so hard to maintain. These men being but human though they are husbands, want love and understanding. They long for some of the fun, some of the warmth of interest and affection that is going round in the family, but which misses them.

I wonder when women will learn. They come clamouring to divorce courts to force men's hands to make them pay. Yet, working differently, they could get all they wanted. For there is a technique in marriage that is worth a woman's while trying to master. Marriage is a profession that requires study and concentration, just like any other profession. It takes resource and humour and tact and all the love she has got to make it go.

And patience. Quite a lot of that Because right after marriage, when he is still under the spell of her beauty, the wonder of her curve of cheek and bosom, a wife will too often break the spell by her own impatience. Once they have got their men, many women find that love making ceases to interest them—...... And they show it, a deadly mistake.

# Our Query Corner

## and

## BHAI FUNZIN'S STAFF OF INFORMED CLERK'S ANSWERS.

DEAR BHAI,

My husband is such an obliging soul. Mrs. Komala M.A., poor woman, the young widow, after her college work is over, finds it so happy to spend her evenings with us. She wants to accompany her to the Pictures and Plays. But I am so busy and I could not. She appeals to my husband and out of courtesy, he goes with her—But he does not like it; nor do I.

Yet; I do not know how to relieve my good natured husband.

Yours Sincerely.
JAYA KANTHI BAI.

* * *

Why not let your husband take your place at home and give Mrs. Komala your company? That would help you all.

MY DEAR FUNZIN,

I am one of the top men in the second rank in my office. My typist is a handsome young girl from the Western coast—handsome is not adequate—she is charming really. But I do not care for women—charming or plain.

All the hours of office she has to work in my room the whole time. The past year Miss Sarasija has been doing her work thoroughly. I gave her a handsome rise in her pay.

I now find her to be more and more attentive to small personal conveniences, though I have strictly asked her to mind only office work.

I know some of my fellow officers of my rank who are keen about Miss Sarasija. But she has repelled the least sign of advauce from any of them. I really do not know how to get over what I take to be a serious nuisance,

Yours faithfully.
BEESHMA NATHAN.

* * *

Get Miss Sarasija sent to some other gent and get another typist.

BELOVED BHAI,

My wife Lalitha is a most estimable girl—an ideal wife True I am sixty and she my third wife is only twenty. Yet, I know you cannot find such a dutiful and pious wife in all our land so famous for the virtue of its womanfolk.

But I do not like the kindness she shows to my clerk Shivalal. I do feel people look at it with some dark insinuations. The poor fellow is so useful—and at the pay he gets for his qualifications and for the amount of work he does.

Need I heed a meddlesome and prying public?

Yours faithfully.
BALWANT SAJJAN.

Change your clerk; or have your office work done away from your house.

DEAR BHAI FUNZIN,

Miss Janaki, B.A and myself are old college mates. Whenever she is in town she daily comes round to take me for tennis or for long walks. She would carry refreshments and drinks in Thermos and all that for our walks—all that for good old days of our college comrade ship.

She is such a happy soul—she makes all about her so happy.

But my wife—so good in every way—some how does not like the idea of my going out with Janaki at all. "Why should you?", that is what she says and no more. She will not argue or give out any reason.

Trouble starts; storm blows when Janaki has gone, after our walk.

I have no complaint against my wife. But what would you suggest?

Yours sincerely,
NARAYANA DEV.

* * *

Take your wife along with you in your walks: unless you have any objection—which will justify your wife's objection.

MY DEAR FUNZIN,

Somehow I never cared for the caveman's days of dressing—Perhaps I am doing an injustice to the Caveman for he did not, I am sure, for anything that I know of the fashions prevalent among the Cave Ladies, dress his women as if he were going to cover them and seal them and wrap them in barks as they did with the mummies of Egypt.

I do not believe in the dress that clothed you as completely as the fur and wood of the bear.

I believe in nature; my own great grand-mother had a single saree going round her: but the blouses and the half a dozen coating underneath were all unknown. I really like that simple way of life. But my husband thinks I am not decent enough.

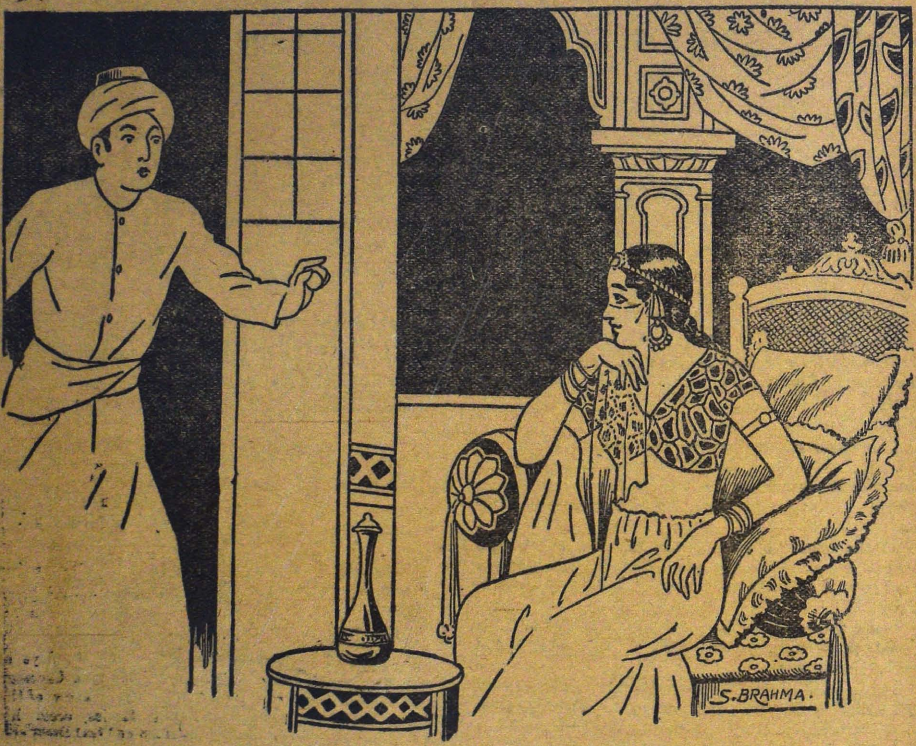
Should I change to please him? Do you honestly think I should carry a cartload of clothing on my back just to please his old world idea.

Yours sincerely,
MOHANA BAI.

Why not strike a mean between the extremes? Why let your domestic happiness be marred by such a cause when you could please your husband without serious inconvenience?

# A DESERT IDYLL

(Continued from page 8.)




so readily forgetting any ideas he may have entertained of danger.

He found himself in a luxuriously appointed room; rich carpets covered the floor and divans were placed here and there which seemed to invite one to recline on them.

But Ali perceived these for a moment only. His entire attention was riveted on this alluring creature whom a kindly fate had thrown his way.

She was clad in the mode of the harem. A gaily decorated brassiere completed her clothing to the waist. His ardent gaze took in her beautifully moulded arms and her swanlike neck supporting the daintiest little head he had ever seen.

Her nether garment comprised a pair of flimsy baggy trousers through which were tantalizingly revealed her perfectly shaped legs and thighs like twin ivory columns supported by her two small feet which were encased in ornamental slippers.

She signed him to one of the divans and when he was seated she gracefully joined him, first discarding her slippers revealing her perfectly arched feet with henna stained nails.

"Who art thou and what hath brought thee hither?" she asked.

"I am known as Ali Ben Hassan" he replied and then proceeded to tell her how

losing his companions he had seen her light and approached.

"I thank the god of sandstorms, for, else I might never have looked upon thy countenance" he said.

"Thou speakest in a pleasing manner, O Ali" she answered.

Ali continued to gaze upon her enraptured. His pulses were bounding and he was filled with an overwhelming desire to possess this delectable creature, for her proximity intoxicated him.

"How art thou named, fair daughter of the desert?" he asked.

"They call me Zorida" she replied.

Ali had drawn close to her now and boldly took both her hands in his. Looking longingly into her eyes he wondered whether he had found favour with her or not. He had not long to consider, for before he realized it she was in his arms. Hungrily his lips sought hers and hers were not lacking in response.

Eagerly his hands caressed her. Closer she pressed her body to him.

"Wilt thou be mine?" he whispered hoarse with passion.

"I am all thine, my beloved" she answered, "to do with as thou wilt."

Fiercely he bound her to him.

* *

What meant this tugging at his shoulder and who dared to disturb him at such a time? Then he heard a voice saying, "Arise Sidi, the dawn draws on and it is time to be on our way."

Ali opened his eyes and rose dejectedly, his heart was heavy, for as the poet has said,

"When he woke, he cried to dream again."

---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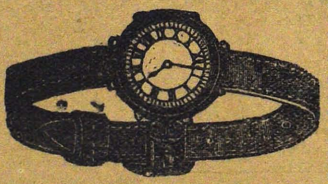
PER PHIAL AS. 4.

## "FIDO" LEVER WRIST WATCH.



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This is the only successful medicine for removing hair, where it is superfluous It is a pleasant chemical compound entirely free from all poisonous ingredients which if presistently used permanently destroys the *cyst* and *follicle* (after which the reappearance of hair is impossible), without the slightest pain and injury to the skin, leaving the latter as clear and smooth as if there had never been a growth of hair upon it. It never fails to give the desired relief where other remedies have failed.

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SUPERIOR WATCH CO. POST BOX NO. 167, MADRAS.

# FUNZIN'S FLASHES FROM - - - - - THE ASSEMBLY

## (By Bhai Funzin's Staff of Reliable Reporters)

*What to do?*

What to do? How shall we use all that power? Shall we shout in English or Hindi? Shall we hurl all our Questions on the heads of Officials? Shall we run about the whole Assembly Hall or occupy the sofas so sumptuously built for us? Such was the dazzle and confusion that prevailed among some of the newly returned Congress members of the Assembly.

***

*The First Battle.*

The first division about detention of Babu Sarath Bose ended in a Congress victory! Mr. Bardoloi was moderate and Bhulabhai was discreet in the language they used. They saw that hard words break no stones and still less break the prison walls which imprison Sarath Rose.

***

*Satyamurti's Fireworks.*

Sjt. Satyamurti kept up his reputation for pyrotechnic rhetoric. He had let off his loudest rockets over that Circular Letter of the Government of India about Mahatmaji's Village Industries affair. So much noise, so much eloquence was hurled over that confidential Letter that the motion was talked out without any division being reached.

***

*A useful warning.*

That was a useful lesson: there was less talk and more business over that first division that come about. The Govt. was defeated; no matter if the majority was not quite so large. But that shows how the wind blows.

***

*Home Member's Impotent Bluster.*

"True, that confidential circular was issued by the Govt. But then, if only I caughed that fellow who gave away the secret or sold the secret, then I can assure the Hon'ble Members that I shall not spare all the punishments that can be inflicted on him both in this and the next world,'' So fumed the Home Member.

What a picture of Rage that was!

***

*Home Member's Error.*

True, the Circular was confidential and ought not to see the light of vulgar day. But having come out, was the Circular justified? Was it fair? Was it becoming of the Government of India? That was the point.

***

*Home Members Boast.*

Of official boasts, plentiful specimens we have been treated to. But this one beats all hollow. The Home Member thus claims," Look here, this document is a confidential Circular. If any one has got it, it is by unlawful or by criminal means that it was obtained. And what ought not to be published before its proper time, ought not to be known to the Public. And yet if it is known then I can refuse to recognise that it is known.

"YET, I want to be so fair and so chivalrous that I now come forward and acknowledge that it is issued by the Government. And now I defend it." What a heroic act!

***

*Hail, Sir Abdur Rahim!*

No better choice could have been made. Sir Rahim is a name that stands for dignity and confidence and Independence as President of the Assembly.

Sir Rakim's words of thanks for his elevation and policy he intends following in the Chair are memorable.

"I shall be strictly impartial to all sections of the House and to the views that the Hon'ble Members of the House may hold.

"I know at times when feelings are excited over a particalar question, the Chair may be called upon to keep order, and I trust and hope that all sections of the House and all Hon. Members will individually give me abundant co-operation in the discharge of my difficult duties.

"I need hardly tell you that I am greatly sensible of the duty which I shall have to discharge as the occupant of this Chair, and I hope it will be given to me with your help and co-operation to uphold the dignity of the the Chair, its usefulness and authority."

***

*The Corner Stones:*

The Dignity of the Chair, the Co-operation of the Hon. Members, no matter what the political creed of each member and his own sense of duty—these three will be the three corner-stones upon which his career as the speaker of the Assembly will be built.

Surely, no better or no purer considerations can weigh with one like Sir Rahim. All success to Speaker Sir Rahim.

***

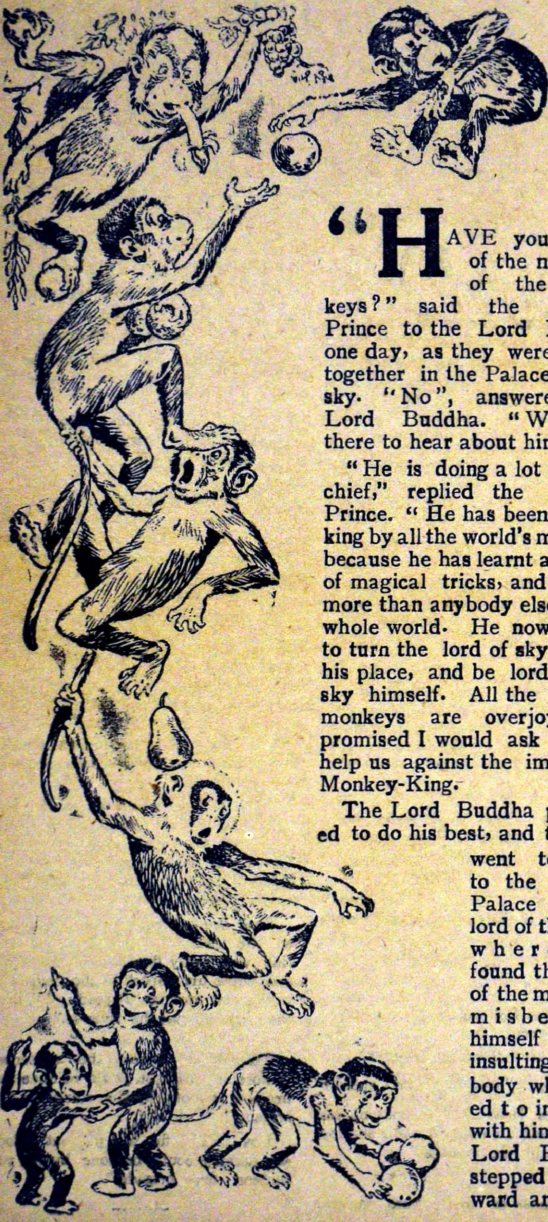
*Bravo Sherwani!*

Nor is Mr. T. A. K. Sherwani without his victory. If purely elected votes are any indication or if purely elected votes had the voice in the matter of election of the President, surely the Congress candidate would have had the day. That the official block along with the nominated block and the pro-official block should vote against the Congress candidate and then offer felicitations does not shed that unmixed glory upon the event. Viewed from the people's point of votes, Mr. Sherwani has secured the choice of the peoples' though not the whole Assembly's vote.

***

*"Yet, Be Thankful."*

"Rejoice ye all in India, for the day of deliverance is at hand," says H. E. Lord Willingdon in his message to the Assembly. "You have," says H. E., "every reason to be grateful. For, the new constitution grants you immediate Provincial Autonomy and Federation of All-India in the near future. What more can you want? What more can be given by one nation to another? Rejoice, ye, therefore, therefor."



# THE MONKEY KING

## BY 'CYRO'

"HAVE you heard of the new king of the monkeys?" said the Dragon Prince to the Lord Buddha one day, as they were sitting together in the Palace of the sky. "No", answered the Lord Buddha. "What is there to hear about him?"

"He is doing a lot of mischief," replied the Dragon Prince. "He has been chosen king by all the world's monkeys because he has learnt all kinds of magical tricks, and knows more than anybody else in the whole world. He now means to turn the lord of sky out of his place, and be lord of the sky himself. All the world's monkeys are overjoyed. I promised I would ask you to help us against the impudent Monkey-King.

The Lord Buddha promised to do his best, and the two went together to the Cloud Palace of the lord of the Sky, where they found the king of the monkeys misbehaving himself and insulting everybody who dared to interfere with him. The Lord Buddha stepped forward and in a quiet voice said to him "What do you want?" "I want," answered the monkey, "to be Lord of the sky. I could manage things much better than they are managed now. See how I can jump!" Then the monkey jumped a big jump. In a moment he was out of sight, and in another moment he was back again. The Lord Buddha only smiled and said "If you can jump out of my hand, you shall be Lord of the sky; but if you fail you must never come to the sky again."

The Monkey King laughed loudly and said "Why, of course I can do that easily." So they went outside the palace, and the Lord Buddha put down his hand and the monkey stepped on to it. He gave a great big jump and again he went far out of sight. On and on he went in his jump chuckling to himself that he would soon be Lord of the sky. Then he saw five great red pillars, and he scratched a mark on one of the pillars, to prove to Lord Buddha how high he had jumped.

Then he took another big jump, and was back again in the Lord Buddha's hand.

"When are you going to jump?" Lord Buddha asked.

"Why!" cried the monkey; I have jumped——jumped

### Oh-Ho!

"A flirt, am I?" cried Mary Ann, under notice to go. "Well, I know them as flirts more than I do, and with less excuse," she added, with a spiteful look at her mistress. "I am better-looking than you—much better. And 'ow do I know? Your 'usband told me so."

"That will do," said the lady of the house frigidly.

"But I ain't finished yet," retorted the girl. I can give a better kiss than you. Want to know 'oo told me that?"

"If you mean to suggest that my husband—"

"No, it wasn't your 'usband this time—it was your chauffuer."—*The Tatler*.

---

to the very end of the universe. There are five red pillars and I have left my mark in one of them."

"Look here, monkey," the Lord Buddha said holding out his hand. The monkey saw in one finger the very mark he had made on the red pillar. "You see," said the Lord Buddha. "The whole world lies in my hand. You could never jump out of it. No one can get beyond my reach. Now go down to the earth where you belong. That is why to this day the monkeys climb up the trees and look wistfully up at the sky.

### Exactly.

"Now, tell the jury, madam," instructed the young lawyer, "just where the prisoner was milking the cow."

The young lady, a trifle embarrassed, smiled sweetly, and replied: "Why, I think it was just a little back of the centre, sir."—*Ala, Rammer-Jammer*.

* *

Brown had been in the habit of borrowing books from his neighbour, This had gone on for many years, but the books were never returned.

One day Green appeared at Brown's door carrying a large bookcase. "I seem to have no further use for this," he said, "and it's been worrying me to think that perhaps you have no place to store my books conveniently."

• •

"I don't like the look of that pretty maid you engaged, John," said his wife, "so I discarged her this afternoon."

"Without giving her a chance?" asked her husband, in a shocked voice.

"No, without giving you a chance."

• •

Business College head: "In teaching shorthand and typewriting we make a great point of accuracy."

Inquirer: "And how about speed?"

College Head: "Well, out of last year's class, six married their employers within six months."

• •

A number of men were engaged in a discussion as to who was the greatest inventor. Some said Edison, some said Marconi, some said Morse.

Finally a small Jew said: "Vell, chentlemens, dose vas great peoples, but, I lell you, de man vot invented interest vas no fool."

* *

Three men arrived at the railway station with the intention of catching the last train. As they reached the platform the train began to move out. The men ran for the train, and the guard and a porter bundled two of them into the guard's van. By this time the train was going too fast for the third man to get in, and he stood disconsolately on the platform watching it disappear.

"Hard luck, sir," said the porter: "I am sorry you were unable to get in."

"Yes," replied the man. "My friends will be sorry, too; they were only seeing me off."

• •

A successful business man was giving a lecture on "Commercial Acumen." In speaking of his career, he mentioned a certain company that had been wound up on account of its shady practices.

"Of course," he said, "as soon as I realized there were possibilities of dishonest profit being made, I got out of it."

"How much?" asked a student.

• •

The railway inspector was objecting to the length of the line of overseer's reports.

"Don't make them so wordy," he protested. "Just put down the condition of the track as you find it. Leave out everything that isn't absolutely to the point. I want a business report, not a novel."

The overseer replied that he grasped the idea. A few days later the line was badly flooded, and the overseer wrote his report to the inspector in the new mnnner. It read: "Where the railway was, the river is."

• •

Teacher: "Correct the sentence, 'before any damage could be done the fire was put out by the volunteer fire brigade."

Boy: "The fire was put out before any damage could be done by the volunteer fire brigade."

# Zmiles at the Zoo

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DR. Ditmars did it: I believe it. It is no fairy tale or even a story. He is in charge of the Zoo of New York.

Dr. Ditmars did it: he has practically given up friends among men. No more college mate: no more club mate: no more of the smilesome "gal"—not even the hefty widowy "gal."

"I have enough friends here among these fellows," says Dr. Ditmars with an ample sweep of his long Gorilla like arms as he surveyed the members within the New York Zoo.

Our Superintendent, Madras Zoo, Mr. Chetty is getting to be like Dr. Ditmars! I am afraid he is changing his men friends for Zoo friends.

Mr. Chetty of the Madras Zoo has not given up his old pals—no, not so bad as all that: but, surely he is on the high road to it.

Some weeks had passed since I raised my hat to our old friends living in their iron mansions far from the noisy world—I thought I would pass some time among them.

You know the feeling that creeps within you as you approach the cage of the lion or his cousins and those that live and move and have their being with the royal ruler of the forest—a mild horror and a suppressed fear.

The other day a friend offered to send a lion—or even a couple of them—for a Xmas present. They are so homely and, if well taken care of, they like our company and multiply as we ourselves did between the last two censuses.

BY "RUBY."

But that does not wipe off the suppressed horror you feel as you step near these hairy, full-eyed fellows moving about within their allotted space in a law abiding manner.

Yes, I was having some such feeling when Chetty comes up from behind, catches me with a strong bang, and says, "Hello, ole man, come to look up? Well, my friends out here have been on the look-out for you."

"Me? What do you mean?" I ask.

"You, yes, not exactly you. These fellows out here, they are as keen about having a sight of queer things as you are. Some of you people are quite funny things for them. I dare say you can easily see what amount of fun you give them when you come round and file past them," explained Chetty.

"In fact, you think they enjoy seeing us as much as we do in seeing them," I suggested.

"Exactly. That is what I mean. And more. Any day you are welcome. If only you can enter their feelings you will begin to understand them."

"If it is not entering into your friends beyond their feelings, I have no objection," I said. "But, as for entering their stomach even for the purpose of understanding your friends, I must say I am far from the proposal."

"Come along, man, and see, for yourself how you are treated, by my friends out here" and he took me in.

Chetty gave out a peculiar call when I heard a heavy rhythmic thud on one side and a pattering on the other side. I look up only to see the



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Eleph and the giraf both join "hands" and form an arch with flowery festoons under which Chetty took me to his "friends."

"Can't you see a body saluting you with both hands?" asks Chetty with some warmth.

"Ah, excuse me, yes, that is very kind of him. Surely, that is Bruin greeting. Very kind of him—never expected that of him," I began to stutter out.

"But don't lose yourself admiring Bruin all over. There is the Lady Julia Stripes. Just look, my dear man, how lady-like she bows," pointed out Chetty.

"That is simply splendid," for whoever would have thought that the sly mover among screening rushes would issue forth and so graciously and gracefully do the bow as we approached her!

I stood for a minute almost fixed to the spot.

"Do move along, sir, I don't knew if you can be a living and walking gent—of course many are tailor-made gents—but if you are a live gent, on your merits, independent of sartorial aids and make-ups, there is a chap holding out his right hand of fellow-

ship. He of all souls cannot find it in his heart to let a man have the go by past his chambers without an honest and full blown palm to pull you and shake you by.', That is how Chetty wanted me to sense the lion with his right paw held out.

Of course I did not take the proffered hand.

"Rather a bit too much for a first acquaintance, is that so, old chap?" asked Chetty smiling.

"I should think so." looking a bit small as I thought, before such gushing good manners on the part of the fellow who looked as dignified as the Speaker with his wig.

"At least would you not heed the pair that wave their hankies with such delight at the sight of you?" asked Chetty.

I can't say how they managed it. But the spotted pair—it was pure and

simple joy lines that criss-crossed their happy faces. The two of them —I bowed with unfeigned admiration and lo! there came such a pelting of

showers that nobody but such nimble-bodied fellows could entertain their friends in like manner.

Fancy flowers and foliage of all shapes and colours, so balmy and so lovely being dashed at you, over you, and after you, as you apparach these fellows!

But that gave the cue to the plumed ones. They wouldn't be outdone by their fellow lodgers at the Zoo.

"Ah, see there, how these feather chappies are rushing overhead as much as to say 'We too can do something in that line. We too can say it with flowers as much as others can," Chetty explained.

But the loveliest token of the new League of Love was when the maker of the feather himself held out a beautiful feather—worthy of the crest of the Prince of Walles—as Chetty was leading me out.

"And what is all this? I can no more understand what all this means

than I can unriddle one of Pharaoh's dreams" I said.

"Love begets love: You know that. If you love these people out here, and don't want to kill them, there you have it: good-will given back in full measure. Only you have to understand them," says Chetty.

Evidently the Zmiles of his Zoo are enough for him, for, says he, as he left me, "Wall, I have got to go back. Lots of them I haven't had a word or a nod with, the whole day. That is bad, isn't it? Come round and look us up—me and my friends here—whenever you can think of us."

That's how Chetty loves his Zoo chums!

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# You are as old as you look!
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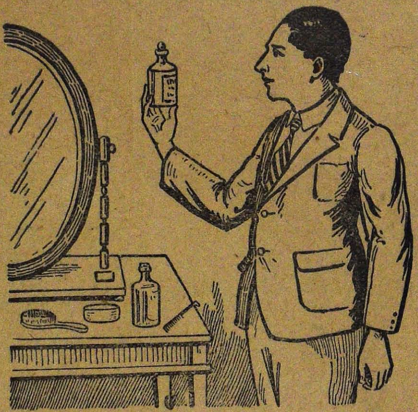

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P. B. 167, MADRAS.

# Plays and Players on Stage and Screen

*Mr. Sham Narain as 'God Shiva' in 'Daksha Yagna.'*

*Norma Shearer.*

**Every Woman's Darling,**

Shirley Temple the five year old star of 'Fox films' hails from Santa Monica, California only ten miles from Hollywood. Her first success was in "Little Miss Marker" made by Paramount. Then she acted in "Baby takes a Bow," which was again a box office success. Her latest film is "Bright Eyes."

**Bela Lugosi's Latest.**

Bela Lugosi whose international fame rests on his brilliant delineation of Count Dracula, the human Vampire, was recently signed by Columbia to act in "The Depths Below."

Bela Lugosi hails from Hungary. He has already starred in "Dracula", "The Murders in the 'Rue Morgue" "The Death Kiss" "The Island of Lost Souls" "International House" and "The Black Cat."

**Charlie Chaplin May Talk.**

Reports to the effect that Chaplin may talk, are floating about. In His latest film his leading lady is Paulette Goddard. Absolute secrecy is preserved about the story. The only information available is that it is production No. 5 Cast: Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard. Director Charlie Chaplin. Original Screen play by Charlie Chaplin. Producer Charlie Chaplin.

**Handsome leading men gaining popularity again.**

The era of the handsome leading men is coming back. Temporarily halted by the advent of stars who were merely just good-looking, or attractive, the actors with faces that make feminine hearts flutter are forging to the front again.

Charles "Buddy" Rogers and Neil Hamilton are back again; George Raft, who looks like Valentino, has sky-rocketed recently to fame; Charles Farrell and Dick Barthelmess are picking up in popularity.

For a while it appeared as that such passable-appearing rough-necks as Clark Gable, Jimmy Cagney, Lee Tracy, Gary Cooper, Cory Grant and the like would eliminate their more handsome rivals. Edward G. Robinson and Paul Muni made no pretense of

"looks" relying solely on their characterizations.

Meanwhile the traditions of Valentino, Wally Reid, Holmes Herbert, Gareth Huges and the other extremely handsome leading men were being carried on by Farrell, Barthelmess and few others.

*A study in caricature of Charles Laughton.*

The reinforcements have come. Farrell has been gaining added popularity. Rogers has returned to M.G.M. Paramount is using Hamilton in a picture. Raft, Valentino's friend, seems to be soaring to the heights the late idol occupied. John Barrymore is wearing uniforms again. Dick Powell is gathereing fame under the Fox banner.

Things are looking "pretty" for the handsome boys again.

**Stars and Charms.**

Some actors carry good luck charms. It may be the memento of their first stage appearance, like Chaplin's shoes, or the gift of some once great actor, or the proverbial rabbit's foot. George Arliss 'carries' Charles Evans. Whenever Arliss appears on the screen Evans can be found

*Shirley Temple.*

somewhere in the cast. "The House of Rothschild" Arliss' new picture, is no exception.

The famous character star began regarding Evans as a good luck omen some twenty years ago. The star has taken pains to see that the man who brought luck to his first effort as a playright has been inserted somewhere in his pictures. Ask Arliss about this good luck charm and his reply is that Charles Evans is a good actor.

# FILMS TO SEE

## THE BARRETS OF WIMPOLE STREET.

**At the Roxy Madras.**

An adaptation of the famous play about the love of two famous poets and their struggle against the tyranny of a fanatical father. The last part is played in his best style by Charles Laughton, while Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Maureen O Sullivan are also in the film.

## BULL-DOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK

**At the Wellington Talkies.**

A splendid Thick-eared Melodrama featuring Ronald Colmon as capt Drummond of 'Suppers' Thriller. Fans who prefer Thrillers are assured of satisfaction.

## ALLI ARJUNA.

**At Broadway Talkies.**

Featuring Abdul Khader and Anantanarayana Iyer of Arya Gan Fame. Full of melodious and enchanting music.

T. L. ED.

# "DONT BE SILLY"

## BY "RUBIKON."

"DON'T be silly," I was just saying, not to you Mr. Editor. Rather I would say to you, "Don't be good," for, as soon as you, seated on your editorial throne, pass judgment on my MS. you immediately hand me over to your Artist.

Not that I am afraid of "Brahma," but the rub is he is too pulling, and, you, my Reader, well, I am not casting any reflexions on your will-power—but you are only human, and you are drawn away too much by the picture of "Brahma."

No, no, that is not a fair deal. I don't gather my audience to be wheedled out by the Artist. Rather, I leave it to You: whether this anecdote can be drawn as sketches of ladies as they lived and acted. In spite of my ban against being betrayed to your Brahma, if you persist, well, I don't know what to—

* *

"Don't be silly," I began, isn't it? Yes, that is what Sri Pankaja said.

Sri Pankaja was a lady of the most modern type—handsome, accomplished, sweet-tempered, and in friendly touch with the best society in the whole district. Wedded to a rapidly rising and intelligent Advocate, she was as much at home in her own Ladies' Club as she was with the friends of her husband—official and non-official—that frequented her husband's chambers. She would enjoy tennis or billiards at her own Club as delightfully as she did in her husband's club.

Chand Begum was shocked. She of all ladies, in the Lady Violet Ladies' Club was never addressed like that: she, the wife of the Dt. Superintendent of Police to be spoken to like that!

"Pankaja, take care, my dear woman, what do you talk? Do you know to whom you are talking like that? Do you know that Chand Begum is the wife of the Dt. Superintendent of Police? Take care, Pankaja, take care," warned Chand Begum almost in a rage,

"Police or your grand-mother, a fiddlestick for you and your Superintendent. If you talk again as you did, I shall tell the whole Ladies' Club all about you and your........." retorted Pankaja.

It began like this:

Chand Begum is generally an early comer to the Club and always eager for news about her beloved friends of the Ladies' Club. Whatever is of special note—vulgar tongues may call it scandal—the Begum Sahib would eagerly devour it and get it verified from a number of independent sources and then communicate the news confidentially to every member of the Lady Violet Ladies' Club.

Miss Jeevamruth, M.A., was a person who delighted in a bit of practical joking. She had learnt that Sri Pankaja had something to keep back from her dear friends concerning her new teeth. And so, instead of letting the matter out, Jeevamruth in a tone of affection and sympathy whispered into the Begum's ears that Sri Pankaja had been enduring tortures with tooth-ache. That was enough for the Begum who as soon as she saw Sri Pankaja, come down from her car asked her, "Hello, Pankaja, how is your tooth-ache?"

"Don't be silly. Mind your business. I know what you mean. It is a mean trick you are playing. Shut up," shouted Sri. Pankaja, the gentle member of the Ladies' Club who, for the time being, was lashed into the fury of a wounded tigress.

"I heard that you had tooth-ache—a very bad attack." began the Begum in explanation.

"I know the trick, You simply want to expose before my friends about the false teeth I have used. You have forgotten all about yourself. But I have not forgotten. Do you see? Don't be Silly," in a loud voice by Sri Pankaja.

It is at this point we began. The joke of Miss Jeevamruth was a simple one. It was her idea to set Chand Begum upon the trail of the tooth-ache. And the Begum Sahib was such a loving and kind-hearted sisterly lady that she would not rest till she got to the bottom of the history, causes, cure, course and treatment of the complanit from which Sri Ramkaja was ailing—or, for that matter, from which any member of the Ladies' Club should ail. By the searching inquiries the Begum was sure to subject Sri Pankaja to, Miss. Jeevamruth was sure that Sri Pankaja would conclude that the Begum was simply trying to expose the secret of that gentle and refined lady who would rather delight suffering tortures in secret than trying to get cured of them,

if there was the risk of her secrets being known to her beloved Sisters of the Lady Violet Ladies' Club. No wonder that the victim of the joke resented the exposure of the artificial addition to her dental implements in as violent a manner as her own dignity and self-respect would permit her.

A word about Chand Begum may not be out of place. She was the seventh daughter of Nawab Nur-ud-din Bahadur who had rendered high state services to His Majesty, both in India and England. Only natural that a young Muslim lady of her high birth should wed the son of a Muslim gentleman who had distinguished himself by loyal and devoted services during the Great War, in recognition

of whose unparalleled services a grateful overnment had started her husband s Dt. Superintendent of Police with promises of rapid rise.

Chand Begum was a happy and amiable lady who moved with the members with an easy and breezy frankness, though, it must be admitted, that she never forgot in all her simplicity and naivete that she was the daughter of a Nawab and the wife of the son of a Muslim gentlemen who had rendered such signal services during the Great War as to leave not insignificant though silent marks on the pages of History.

"Do you know, Pankaja, I can have you and your husband put in prison if I like?" shouted the Begum.

"You or the Dt. Collector, I don't care. You can wag your tail at home, but bear in mind that your tail will be cut off here. Do you understand that?"

"You may be the wife of a Vakil. But do you know how many vakils hang at my husband's office?" asked the Begum. "All that I meant was I wanted to know how you fared with your tooth-ache. I can swear that I never knew anything about your new tooth. Miss Jeevamruth never told me a word about that. She only told me you had tooth-ache. Why, there is Sesha Bai. She has also a false set of teeth. I knew that within a fortnight after she got her set, I never so much as whispered a syllable to any one. What do I care if any body renews her teeth? Well, Sesha Bai, did I ever ask you about your false teeth?" asked the Begum.

Sesha Bai was a very accomplished lady and played on the Veena and could sing in a scientific manner. But as she was weak in health, her grimaces as she sang were simply unendurable and so she usually emptied the hall. This Sesha Bai attributed to the low taste of the sisters of the Club and so had a profound contempt for them all —a compliment which they returned in full measure. Sesha Bai had no friend of any intimacy in the Club, and her only answer to the Begum was. "What does it matter to any one what teeth I have. I pay for what I have; others don't. So it is no concern of others, specially of people who do not know the A B C of music. I am sure I should have more appreciation if I perform on the Veena before a house of asses instead of the members of this Club."

"Shut up, Sesha Bai," Sri Aparanji burst out, "Do you know that the moment you begin your leaky Veena that all the ladies actually flee for their life? Do you know that?"

"But do you know what casting pearls before swine is?" retorted Sesha Bai.

The Muslim spirit of the Begum could hardly endure the mention of that creature so hateful to her Faith. She as a Moslem member of the Club, rose against the sacrilegious attack and rushed against Sesha Bai. As she did so, she snapped the electric silk chord of the table lamp, which put out the lamp and the whole club was draped in darkness.

* *

The loving members did get home.

On the morrow, in the Club premises were found by the attendants one or two vanity bags, a dental set which no one had the courage to trace the owner thereof, a few locks of highly scented hair, a few scraps of silk sarees and, other interesting remnants which were eloquent vestiges of the gentle skirmish of over night.

Even Chand Begum had a few scratches of the nail on her round chin and chubby cheeks—a sight which threw into rage her devoted and redoubtable husband. For a moment he even thought of arresting all the members of the Club that were present on that night of athletic activity.

"I don't mind even the scatches on the Begum's face. But what really I cannot endure that those pack of silly women never cared to remember that my wife is the daughter of a Nawab and the daughter-in-law of a pillar of the Empire," wondered the D. S. P.

Luckily the Inspector of Police—Mr. Aruna Iyengar—immediately pacified the D. S. P. and pointed out that he had better forgive the poor misguided creatures and that the ladies are already getting up an oil painting of the Begum Saheb—which put an end to the ire and help to blow the storm.

So, Mr. Editor, if you think you can let your Artist depict the spirited scenes of sisterly intimacies of the Lady Violet Lodies' Club, you can please your good self. But not me.

# THE PUZZLE SYNDICATE

## — By Ram Saran Sharma. —

"I say, cheer up, boys, I have won the first prize in the 'Funny Mag's Competition," announced Prakash entering the Club.

"Hullo, hullo, congrats," we all shouted.

"How much is that?" I asked.

"Two-hundred," said Prakash jubilantly.

"And what was the competition?" asked Seshu eagerly.

We all looked at him—Wahid, Prakash and self-astonished.

Seshu's eyes gleamed. There was a tenseness in his poise that showed that the giant brain was whirring like a dynamo.

"Why, missing letters," said Prakash, "All you've to do is to put in letters to complete the name, Find out the alternatives and pocket the prize."

Bang—came Seshu's fist on the table upsetting the soda and whisky on it.

"By Jove," he exclaimed. We looked at each other. The loss of soda and whisky was forgotten in the face of such excitement.

"What's it, Seshu?" we asked in a chorus.

"Is it a fact, that you don't see it?" he looked at us incredulously. "Why, I've got the idea of the Century."

I winked at Prakash.

Seshu glared at me.

"You may look sceptic," he thundered. "But I tell you the thing is a bally certainty."

"But whatever is that?" asked Wahid.

Including us in a general look of contempt Seshu explained:—

"You say that the 'Funny' gives away Two-hundreds to a fellow who finds out some missing letters. Well, why not?"

"Why not what?" we asked bewildered.

"Why not we?"

We all looked at each other. That Seshu should be seized with a sudden fit of generosity to go about distributing largesses, surprised our wildest dreams.

If this was his scheme we were better without it.

I tried a bit of sarcasm on Seshu.

"Well Seshu, if your aunt has died leaving you her heir, or your uncle from Africa had left you a gold-mine I would suggest that instead of distributing thousands, you start buying a few pair of socks and some shirts."

If I expected him to wilt I was disillusioned. He smiled complacently.

"All in time, all in time," he said giving me a benevolent smile. "Just now what we do is simply this. We form a syndicate and start publishing puzzles in the papers. And all we've to do is to collect the loot."

The scheme didn't seem very alluring.

"Who'll frame the puzzles?" ventured Prakash.

"A child of three could do it," said Seshu. "Why all you've to do is to take some names from an atlas and knock out some letters and......there's the puzzle complete"

"But look here, Seshu, we can't collect the money. We've to give away the prizes," pointed out Wahid.

Seshu gave a superior smile.

"Here's my idea. I am the manager of Syndicate. I announce all the three prizes in you peoples' names and give away some consolation prizes to the other blighters."

The scheme seemed feasible enough to us now. We looked at each other and then suddenly—I felt cold.

"What if people don't compete?" I ventured.

Seshu looked pained.

"That ain't fair, boys. When I give you a gilt-edged scheme instead of grasping at it you sit and make objections. That ain't fair."

Then turning to me he added.

"Why won't people compete? With all the mugs betting the losers and with the Puzzle syndicates rising like mushrooms everywhere, people must compete. What with a lucrative offer and unemployment—by God, I think we shall have a bumper crop."

Well, the Syndicate was formed with Seshu as the manager whose decision in all matters was finally and legaly binding.

A month went by. Of course. I knew that everything was going on all right. The Great Syndicate was given great publicity in the papers with its bumper prizes. I felt elated. We had all contributed equally to meet the initial expenses—as Seshu said.

The first prize was declared in Wahid's name. And as I sat reading this in the night and feeling that I would very soon get my share, I was startled.

There loomed before me the figure of Seshu—but what a Seshu! sagging spineless like a rope. I was aghast at the apparition. I had expected him to have come to me dancing. And here he was looking all crushed.

"Everything all right?" I asked sympathetically.

Seshu laughed a hollow, mirthless laugh.

"All right," he echoed.

"What's wrong?" I asked. Something was wrong. But what was it?

"Every bally thing is wrong," moaned Seshu.

I silently mixed him a stiff whisky and soda.

That seemed to soothe him a little.

"Now tell me all," I said.

"What's there to tell, old bird," moaned Seshu. "This world is so full of dishonest, unscrupulous wretches."

"Surely, your conscience is'nt pricking you for that Syndicate?" I interrupted.

Seshu eyed me full and then ignoring the interruption continued.

"Look at Wahid. Whoever thought that pig-headed horse could have been so dishonest?"

"What's he been doing.?"

"Claiming the bally prize to which he had as much claim as a buffalo to a pair of pants."

"No, really?" I asked apprehensively. For was I not one of the shareholders of Joint Stock Concern?

"Yes, by Jove, and he means to go to the Court," moaned Seshu. And then suddenly asked, "I say, laddie, you have a house somewhere out in the unknown recesses of the country?"

"I have," I assented, "and you had better lie low there."

"And talking of going there," said Seshu brightly, "could you lend me a tenner?"

I did. The fellow seemed in a plight.

"And Seshu, now, you had better stick to honest means of raising money."

# "BRAIN SPARKLERS"

## Cheer Up

*Don't worry if your job is small,*
*And your rewards are few;*
*Remember that the mighty oak*
*Was once a nut like you.*

• • •

WHEN THE BOSS IS AWAY,
THE CLERKS GET GAY.

• • •

Happy is the man who can't borrow trouble.

• • •

QUIET—About the hardest thing in the world for a woman to keep.

• • •

Unless a man has known at least one failure, he is unable to appreciate success.

• • •

From the point of view of the hat seller, two heads are better than one!

• • •

## IMPRUDENT.

WIVES OF GREAT MEN OFT REMIND US,
AS WE READ THEIR MEMOIRS BRIGHT,
WE SHOULD NEVER LEAVE BEHIND US
BETTER HALVES WHO LIKE TO WRITE.

• • •

Many a man treats his wife reluctantly.

• • •

Many a spinster who says she remained single by choice, neglects to mention whose.

• • •

Science can do practically everything in the modern house except make a home of it.

• • •

## MODERN PROVERB.

ONE TOUCH OF SCANDAL MAKES
THE WHOLE WORLD GRIN.

• • •

*I'd*
*take my*
*wife to Egypt*
*but I know that if I did*
*She'd never rest contented*
*Till I bought her a pyramid.*

• • •

The greediest man is satisfied with a small helping when his wife is giving him a piece of her mind.

• • •

Widows are not the only ones who have late husbands.

• • •

People born with silver spoons in their mouths seldom make much of a stir.

• • •

## What an Appetite!

*There was a girl named Passion;*
*I asked her for a date*
*I took her out to dinner.*
*Good lord, how passionate!*

• • •

If you are a genuine big noise, you can afford to keep quiet about it.

• • •

So far no man has invented an intelligence test to equal matrimony.

• • •

## Definition

A wise crack is an emergency exit used by a venturesome mouse when he suddenly meets the household cat.

• • •

## MOTTO FOR 1935.

BURY THE HATCHET!
BUT DON'T BE A SAP
AND BURY IT IN
SOME OTHER POOR CHAP!

• • •

*Dear Children,*

I am receiving daily dozens of new members. I want you to show this copy to your friends and tell them that they too can become members of our 'Youth League' and share its benefits. I've great schemes in my mind for you. Free gifts etc.

I'm sure you'll enjoy the competition this week. Don't forget that only members may compete free. In the next issue I'll publish the names of members and their membership number. I would like to publish the photos of some of the first members of our club, so if you have joined and you have a clear snapshot of yourself, send it to me. Cheeri-ho folks!

Your loving.

**Cousin Eddie.**

## The Hero

In Arumugenery near Trichundur, there lived a boy named Raman. Now, although he was grown up, he was very stupid and even lazy. His poor mother urged him to go out and work but Raman always put it off and played about with other lads in the fields.

One day his mother got very angry with him and threatened to drive him out, if he didn't get some work. So lazy Raman had to find employment.

He soon found a farmer in need of a hand and after working for him received eight annas as wages. But Raman not being used to money, lost it on the way home.

His mother said "foolish fellow, why didn't you put it in your pocket?" The next day the former gave a viss of *Ghee* as wages. Raman remembering his mothers words promptly poured it into his Pocket.

When his mother heard this she was very angry "You god," she cried, "you ought to have put it in a vessel and carried it in your head."

The next day Raman worked very hard and the former was very pleased with him and gave him a cow as wages. Remembering his mother's words, he carried it on his head. The cow was struggling and kicking.

When he was about half way home, the Zemindar's carriage passed that way. This Zemindar was unfortunately suffering from a serious malady. He had never laughed. Many doctors had failed. But when he saw Raman carrying the cow he laughed outright and became well

The next day he called upon Raman and his mother, and gave them a purse of gold.

---

*Should I ask you daddy questions,*
*He'll very often say,*
*" Now, can't you see I'm busy*
*Please go away and play."*
*I sometimes think he doesn't know,*
*The anwers. Would that I*
*Dare answer teacher. " Go and play,*
*I'll tell you by and by!"*

## RESULT OF PUZZLE No. 6.

**The Correct Solution.**

1. LONE CROW.
2. BLACK BRIAR.
3. RACE.
4. VALE.
5. OVERCOAT.
6. BOB.
7. BUSH FIRE.
8. INDIA—RUBBER.

Only one competitor sent an entry which tallied with the sealed solution. So the first prize of Rs. 15 goes to him.

William Christopher C/o Mrs. A. David, Lee Street, Nagercoil, S. Travancore.

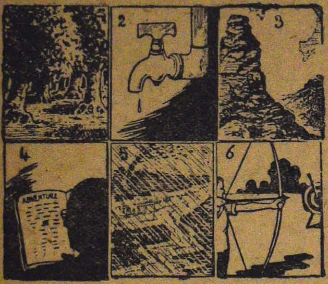
Two competitors sent entries with one error each. The Second prize of Rs. 10 is divided between them.

1. Rajagopal C/o India Hotel Lafond St., Chindadripet Madras.
2. Madurai Ammal C/o P. S. Ponnuswamy Nadar, Andipatti, S. I. Ry.

# COMPETITION No. 7

**Closing Date 28—2—35**

**1st Prize Rs. 15. *(Only for Children below 18 years)* 2nd Prize Rs. 10.**




## *Complete List of Clues.*

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Trees. | 8. Bulls—eye. |
| 2. Tap. | 9. Rock. |
| 3. Archer. | 10. Drop. |
| 4. Crag. | 11. Story. |
| 5. Rivers. | 12. Rain. |
| 6. Reader. | 13. Aim. |
| 7. Storm. | 14. Bookman. |

## *Children's Puzzle No. 7* (Coupon.)

CLOSING DATE 28TH FEBRUARY 1935

1. TREES.
2. ..........................
3. ..........................
4. ..........................
5. ..........................
6. ..........................

**Age**..........

**Address**........................................
........................................
........................................
........................................

## Forward this coupon to 'Cousin Eddie' to become a member of Funzin's 'Youth League'.

*Dear Cousin Eddie,*

I wish to be a member of the Youth League. I enclose 4 as. in stamps.

*Name*........................................*Date of Birth*........................................

*Father's or Guardian's Name*........................................

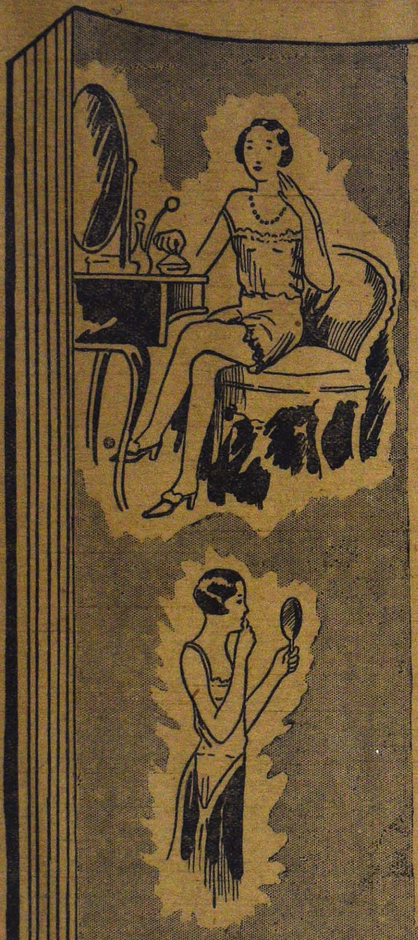
*His Occupation*........................................

*Sex*........................................

*Address*........................................

*Signature*........................................

*Date*........................................*193* .



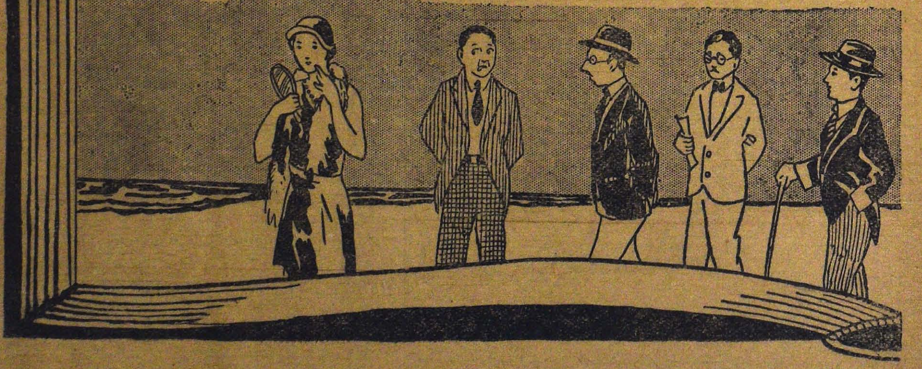
# Misleading

B
'CY

*As I go on my way through the world of to-day*
*And examine the figures I see.*
*I am forced to admit though it hurts me a bit*
*There are things that are hidden from me.*

*Not for anything else for anybody's face*
*Have I offered a confession like this.*
*But I blink in amaze every time that I gaze,*
*At the modern young Mrs. or Miss !*

*For wherever I turn I quite fail to discern,*
*A female whose age I can guess,*
*The middle-aged dame by her face will proclaim*
*That she's thirty or several years less !*



# Women

## Y
## RO'

---

*The girl who's between fifteen and sixteen*
*Will contrive to look twenty or so !*
*But just how it is done is unhappily one*
*Of the things, a man does not know !*

*While a man is as old as his years*
*A woman is not a bit older,*
*Than what to the eye she appears—*
*With the aid of the things that are sold her !*

*When masculine instinct decrees*
*That we add to our power of attraction,*
*Then feminine logic soon sees*
*That this implies ruthless subtraction.*

# NOT WITH A BANG - - BUT WITH A BUMPER

— By "REO." —

EVERYONE said that Lumber G. Logiah would pass out of the Medical Institute with a bang. They said he would pass with a supra stupendous bang,...not with an ordinary one! The students said it, the lecturers said it and even Lumber G. Logiah said it.

But Lumber G. Logiah didn't pass with a bang. He didn't even pass with a whimper. Lumber G. Logiah passed with a bumper! A sensation? perhaps. A surprise? It certainly was. Nobody, you see, forecasted that he would pass with a—bumper. And therein hangs a tale,—a trifle sad, but lots funny.

Dr. Gupperton Gumbles put in the tragic element in Lumber G. Logaih's tale; and he did it intentionrally. A sot of wilful murder. Of course, Dr. Gupperton Gumbles deserved to be hanged; but he wasn't. So Lumber G. Logiah gave him the bumper; and if you ask my opinion about it. I will say that Lumber G. Logiah was right in giving Dr. Gupperton Gumblet one with the bumper, for, poor chap, Lubmer G. Logiah couldn't have done anything else.

It was examination time,—the examination where Lumber G. Logiah should have passed with a bang. Lumber G. Logiah would have done the trick, but,—Dr. Gupperton Gumbles said no. An emphatic elephantine 'No'! And, Dr. Gupperton Gumbles said it, nay, thundered it, at the time of the examination.

If you ask my opinion about the matter, I will tell you that Gupperton Gumbles was justified in saying 'No'. He would still have been justified, if, instead of that one single 'No', he had uttered two thousand 'No-no-no—' in mad succession like the thundering of a Big Ben alarm. Why? The reason is obvious to those who happen to know him inside out. At least it was obvious to me.

The night before the examination, Dr. Gupperton Gumbles had dreamt a terrible dream. He had been sleeping soundly in his bed from nine o' clock in the night till three in the morning: and it was his intention to go on doing it till nine in the morning But Fate stepped right in, and said 'No' to poor doctor Gupperton Gumbles.

The clock struck three. And, doctor Gupperton Gumbles felt himself being smothered to suffocation. He saw a hazy form standing by his bedside, with its powerful hands squeezing the breath out of his throat. He struggled and struggled but he couldn't escape the murderous grip. Dr. Gupperton Gumbles felt he was going to die—.

But—. Not for nought had Dr. Gupperton Gumbles thundered Psychology and Physiology and Gupology all his life in the College Death was near. Dr. Gupperton Gumbles felt it coming every minute; but he was not going to kick off without a kick back. The spectre or ghost or saitan, whatever was squeezing the life out of him, shouldn't have much chance to boast about it afterwards.

"Idiot" shouted doctor Gupperton Gumbles gazing keenly at the hazy apparition. 'Idiot' was what he termed anv student who gave trouble in the class; and sure as destiny, the student crumpled down and gave no more troube, once he got the fatal word catapulted at him from the lips of Dr. Gupperton Gumbles. There was none to stand up to the bombardment when the 'Idiot' stuff was belched forth in wagon loads. Dr. Gupperton Gumbles knew it, and knowing it, used it to terrible advantage.

But, doctor Gupperton Gumbles had never imagined that he could make even spectres go 'Gogly-ogly' about the knees by uttering the magic word' There was some magic power in the word, of that he had no doubt as otherwise he wouldn't have used it so regularly. But, the extent of power, as it manifeted itself in the present instance, amazed Dr. Gupperton Gumbles out of his senses.

On hearing itself addressed as 'Idiot', the spectre let go its grip The hazy form became more and more compact, more and more clearly differentiated from the surrounding haze; and doctor Gupperton Gumbles saw that his midnight assailant was none other than Lumber G. Logiah,—the most troublesome chap in the whole class. That was enough to shock doctor Gupperton Gumbles to the very marrow. He came back to life with a jerk and in a profuse perspiration, to find that he was all alone in his room and that all that had gone before was but a freak of his imagination.

For all that, doctor Gupperton Gumbles wasn't the man to let things off cheaply. Spectre or reality, there was no right for Lumber G. Logiah to pop into his vision at three o 'clock in the night. That was how doctor Gupperton Gumbles thought of the matter. And he decided to teach the young bounder a lesson,—an unforgetable lesson.

Lumber G. Logiah went for his examination, the practical part of it, and fell into Dr. Gupperton Gumbles' batch. The doctor smiled. Lumber G' Logiah smiled in return.

"Good morning, sir" said Lumber G. Logiah.

"Damn, — damn" roared Dr. Gupperton Gumbles. "What the blazes do you mean, you—, messing about

my room and disturbing my night's rest?"

"Er—what?" squeaked Lumber G Logiah, "I mean, sir, what—er—did you say, I mean sir?"

"Messing about—pottering about—tornado—ing about my bed room, d'ye hear? shouted Dr. Guppeton Gumbles all ablaze with ire, "Er—er—Lumber cum Logiah, what were you doing yesterday night at three?"

"I was reading up medicine, sir, reading the important parts,—Pnuemonia, Aphonia, Aphasia,—"

"Reading, were you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Pnuemonia?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because, sir, you said it will come for the examination."

"Then,—Aphonia? That also you read?

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because you said it was important, sir."

"And then you said Aphasia—?"

"Yes, sir."

"That also you read because I told it was important?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Well, Lumber G. Logiah—, while reading up these things, did you think—did you pause to reflect over anything?"

"Yes, sir. I thought of to-day's examination, sir. I was worrying as to whether I would get into your batch."

"Why?"

"Er—er—, sir,—"

"Come on, speak out, Lumber G. Logiah.'

"Sir, sir, excuse me, sir. I had a sort of presentiment—that—that—I might not shine to advantage here. I had a dream sir—."

"You had a what?" roared Dr. Gupperton Gumbles.

"A dream, sir. I dreamt that you gave me a clean zero and that I—I—I—"

"What?"

"—smothered you, sir."

Dr. Gupperton Gumbles sweated to the roots of his hair.

"Idiot" shouted the doctor, glaring at Lumber G. Logiah.

Lumber G. Logiah shivered down to his innermost nerve tendril. His face went pale and he gasped for breath.

"Get out" shouted Gupperton Gumbles. The form of Lumber G. Logiah conjured up in his mind vividly the dream of the previous night,

"Er—er—sir—" said Lumber G. Logiah.

"Get out" roared Dr. Gupperton Gumbles.

"I've come for my examinations sir," said Lumber G. Logiah, "I've done well in other subjects and I am going to do the same here, sir. I've got to pass with a bang."

"Er, you are going to pass with a whimper" stormed Gupperton Gumbles.

"No, sir, it's going to be a bang."

"How?" asked Dr. Gupperton Gumbles.

"I've got top-marks all round" said Lumber G. Logiah, "Even if I get a bare pass here, I will beat the others by a mile."

"How do you know you are going to get even a bare pass here?"

"I've studied medicine end to end. I can get top marks anywhere—"

(Short sighted Dentist) "There! wasn't it absolutely painless?"

(Patient) "sure! But you haven't removed my tooth. You have removed only my collar-stud!"

"But not here" said Dr. Gupperton Gumbles.

"Even here" said Lumber G. Logiah.

"Damn rot! Get out" thundred Gupperton Gumbles.

"I insist on being examined, sir" said Lumber G. Logiah stiffly. "I,ve come here for that."

"Er—er, you'll be examined" said Gupperton Gumbles icily.

Dr. Gupperton Gumbles scratched the seat of his trousers and sought inspiration; while Lumber G. Logiah went about diagnosing the case on his bed.

"What is that case?" asked Gupperton Gumbles after five minutes.

"Alcholic Cirrhosis—" began Lumber G. Logiah.

"Or, in plain words?"

"Gin drinker's liver" answered Lumber G. Logiah.

"It ain't a case of gin drinking, my boy" said Gupperton Gumbles cuttingly, "It's cancer, malignant cancer, my boy. What?"

"With your permission, sir, I beg to differ" said Lumber G. Logiah.

"You do? That means zero for the case-taking part of it," said Dr. Gupperton Gumbles.

"Now, the oral exam begins."

Lumber G. Logiah kept quiet. There was murder in his eyes.

"What is an Aldehyde? asked the examiner, of course, Dr. Gupperton Gumbles.

"I don't know, sir—"

"You don't know? Why didn't you study, my friend?"

"It isn't in medicine, sir" said Lumber G. Logiah, "It's in first year chemistry. This is the final year, sir."

"I see, I see. Well, so you don't know what is an aldehyde?"

"No, sir."

"All right. What is a de-aldehyde?"

"I don't know that also, sir, and for the same reason as—"

"What is a formaldehyde?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What is a paraldehyde?"

"I don't know, sir.',

" Can you sing, Lumber Logiah can you sing 'My love my dove, my dinketty dinketty dove'?"

"No, sir."

"What a pity! What a pity! You diagnose your case wrong and you don't give answer for any of the questions put to you. It is a sad case, isn't it?"

"Very sad, sir."

"And under the circumstances, I *have* to give you a zero. You haven't anything to complain of. You didn't answer even your oral satisfactorily, you know."

"Under the circumstances, sir, I don't complain."

And that finished Lumber G. Logiah's practical examination. His dream had come true—part of it. And what was more, he saw another candidate coming up singing 'My love, my dove, my dinketty dinketty dove' and knocking off top-marks *That* made him see Red. But, Lumber G. Logiah kept mum and sadly went out of the hospital.

When the results came, his number wasn't there. *That* made him see Red. But Lumber G. Logiah kept mum. Dr. Gupperton Gumbles laughed.

Lumber G. Logiah's 'case' kicked the bucket. The doctors held a 'post mortem' and gave the verdict that 'it was a case of Alchoholic Cirrhosis of long duration' and that death was due to 'uncongenial treatment.'

That made Lumber G. Logiah *feel* Red; and he actually 'went' Red when next Doctor Gupperton Gumbles laughed at him. Lumber G. Logiah flew at the throat of Dr. Gupperton Gumbles. Dr. Gupperton Gumbles flew into his car and fled madly along the beach road. His car was a baby.

Lumber G. Logiah dashed into his car and dashed after the doctor,—along the beach road. *His* car was a monster. And, the beach road was deserted. The hour was three in the afternoon.

Opposite the senate house, the monster ate up the baby. Dr. Gupperton Gumbles got one with the bumper and rolled clean into the gutter,—in three pieces. Lumber G. Logiah jumped in without delay and grabbed his examiner's throat. Just grabbed! The psychology cum physiology cum gupology doctor, kicked the bucket.

There was none to witness the deed. Lumber G. Logiah washed his hands, tipped off a hundred cocoanuts to the local deity and passed in his exams. next time.

And that's how Lumber G. Logiah passed with a bumper!

# THE INSPIRATION

## — BY Miss. Protiva Moyi Ghosh. —

JACOB was twenty-five when his father died. His father, Albert Winters, played the role of a clown in a circus and earned the livelihood of his and his son's. His earnings supplied them with just the bare necessities of life, but none of them grudged. They tived happily as they had no greater ambition than to live within moderate means. Jacob, the only child of widower Albert, practically did nothing that might be called work. And Albert never thought of asking him to work and earn. Days passed gaily with Jacob. He wandered alone aimlessly, humming impromptu tunes or tunes that Albert, as clown, used to sing at the circus. His favourite haunt was the banyan tree beside the river which flowed at a little distance from their cottage. Under that tree he would pass much of his time in thinking, singing to himself, or enjoying the beauty of nature of which he was a great lover. Although he never tried to write poems, there was poet in him. The beautiful landscape, to which he had been so accustomed, never lost its novelty for Jacob. Every day he enjoyed it anew. He was somewhat sentimental, and poetic; a lover of loneliness and desolate places.

Albert loved his son, his only son, much more than he loved himself. Jacob was very much like his mother in the face, and whenever Albert looked at Jacob's face he remembered the sweet loving face of his dear wife who had gone away from the earth long long ago.

Under the protective shade of his father, therefore, Jacob never felt the heat of the stern realities of life. But his happy thoughtless days did not last long.

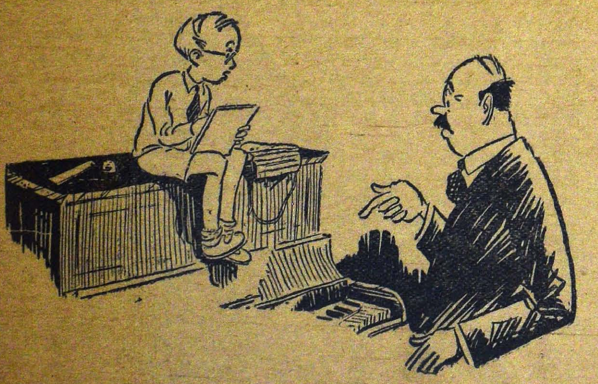
One night, during the circus performance, Albert the clown was comically imitating the feat of the trapeze artist. Suddenly as ill-luck would have it, his hands missed the trapeze-rod at the critical moment and down came old Albert. He was of course caught in the net with some great dfficulty on the part of the net-holders, but the sudden unexpected shock was too much for the old man He lost his senses and remained unconscious for a long time. He was hurriedly taken away behind the scenes. The shock caused fever, and that fever in its turn acted as the doorway through which Albert Winters passed away into that mysterious region whose geography is not included in any University curriculum.

Jacob wept for his father like a child, but tears were never able to bring back a man from region of Death. On his father's death Jacob became no better than a pauper. The month had only two days more and he had no money to pay the rent of the coming month. so he would have to leave the cottage after these two days. Two days... only two days! Jacob shed bitter tears.

When these days passed off, Jacob prepared to leave the cottage and start on a journey without any fixed goal. "Why are you going away, boy, and where?" the sympathetic landlady asked. "Your good father has been snatched away by the cruel hands of death, but stay with me and be my son. I will be like a mother to you." The old woman burst into sympathetic tears and kissed the twenty-five years old boy just as a mother kisses her little child. Jacob, who had never before been closely acquainted with the old women was very much moved by her true affection and began to shed tears like a child.

So Jacob lived with the landlady, and on the cottage-gate was hung up a small sign-board which read 'TO LET.'

Time really is a great killer of sorrows. The wound that Albert's death had caused on the heart of Jacob, became gradually healed by the magical influence of time, and



"Hey, Johnny, what's the meaning of this?"

"It's all right, dad, teacher told us to write an essay on the piano."

of course also because of the motherly love of the old landlady.

Jacob, however, could not get rid of his old habit. He would often go under his beloved banyan tree. and there sing with a free mind. He had, as a gift of nature, a charming melodious voice, and as he poured all his soul into his music his songs were little short of marvellous. But his musical genius remained unknown and unhonoured. Like Gray's "Full many a flower" he wasted his "sweetness in the desert air."

2

The cottage was taken by a new tenant, Mr. Jason Williams. His small family consisted of himself, his wife and his daughter Emilia who was just about to pass her teens.

Mr. Williams was the most popular fiction-writer of the day. Magazine-readers simply thirsted for his stories and few would care to touch a magazine which did not contain a story from the celebrated pen of Mr. Williams. Naturally, therefore, editors were always eager to purchase stories from him and pay him at very high rates. His novels too were always the best-sellers and publishers almost tried to bid against another for the copyright of his novels. He was a keen observer of human nature in its different aspects, had a wonderful insight into human psychology, and he played with language as wonderfully as Dyanchand the hockey-wizard plays with his stick or the celebrated Cinquevalli juggled with a number of billiard-balls. In short he was a sensational genius, popular beyond parallel.

Mr. Williams was a rich man Yes, very rich. His facile pen had earned heaps and heaps of money for him. But, curiously, he didn't care to have a house of his own. He had a peculiar habit of travelling from place to place. Mrs. Williams often jestingly remarked that he had the nomadic blood in him. He spent very generously, and still had a large balance which went to the bank.

Mr. Williams never wrote from pure imagination. His constant effort and aim were to make his writings perfectly true to life and his works seemed to act as mirrors held before life. He was in short a true painter of life.

In his effort to make his writings true to life he followed the footsteps of the great master of fiction, Charles Dickens. Before proceeding to depict a side of human character he would always have first hand knowledge of it and then proceed to write. He always made direct acquaintance with what he liked to write about. In this respect he was very much painstaking and his great success was the outcome of his painstakings.

The main reason of his hiring this cottage was that he was thinking of writing a long story of calm life with a really calm atmosphere. This cottage had the ideal surroundings for the purpose. So he practically fell in love with the cottage and made no delay in hiring it.

Besides, he was growing towards an age when men naturally like to live calm and undisturbed, away from the din and bustle of life, and as much as possible oblivious of what are called the stern realities of life...

It was one coloured afternoon that Mr. Williams went out for a walk with his daughter Emilia. As usual he aimed at the most desolate spot.

A very sweet melodious tune came floating into his ears. He stood and listened spell-bound. He saw a young man sitting under a banyan tree with the back towards them, and the song was coming from his direction. As if drawn by most powerful magnet Mr. Williams proceeded towards him and Emilia followed him. They stood behind the young man who went on singing, not knowing their presence behind him. Then finally, like all things on earth, the song came to an end. Emilia, charmed beyond limit by the wonderfully sweet music, unconsciously let the word of admiration slip out of her tongue: Wonderful! The singer, suddenly taken aback by the unexpected praise, looked back and stood up. Emilia very visibly blushed at her weakness,

"We beg your pardon, young man," said Mr. Williams. "It was your wonderful song that magnetically drew us here. Your singing is simply marvellous."

The singer was Jacob Winters. He blushed like a girl and wondered what he ought to do in such a situation. But Mr. Williams saved him by saying "I hope you recognise us, Jacob."

Jacob looked surprised. "I am sorry I cannot recollect you sir" he said, almost feeling guilty.

"Why, young man, we happen to be your neighbours. You must be extra ordinarily unmindful, never to have noticed us. Well then, let us be introduced. Here is Miss Emilia Williams, and this is her father Mr. Jason Williams. Ha ha ha!!!"

The old man laughed with hearty gladness. "Emilia!" he then said. "We have got a new friend. Shake hands with him."

Emilia put her right hand forward towards Jacob, and Jacob shook hands with her somewhat shyly.

"I have fallen in love with the young man, Emily" said Mr. Williams laughing, as he was at tea at home with his wife and daughter.

"I have often noticed him in the street and always liked him," said Mrs Williams "He has something in him which told me at first sight that he was an ideal young man. I almost thought: Ah, if I had a son like him!"

"You have put it very nicely, dear. And what do you think of him, Emily?"

"I really love his singing, father. I am sure he will be a great singer one of these days. But I think he lives too much in a world of his own. Doesn't he father?"

"I would like to have his company very often," said Mrs. Williams. An excellent lad. Dear, dear, he is an orphan. Why don't you ask him to come and be with us one day?"...

Mr. Williams' doors were always open for Jacob and Jacob began to spend much of his time in company of the Williams. And gradually the bond of affection became closer and closer. The God of Love united the two young hearts by the sweet bond of love.

3

Mr. Williams' new novel was finished. He read through it and could

not help exclaiming "Surely the best I have ever written."

The principal character in the novel was an ideal young man, conceived on the model of Jacob Winters, handsome in appearance, strong and muscular in physique, perfect in character, and always eager to help others in dangers and difficulties. The young man passed through many dangers, and finally obtained supreme happiness in life

"I see I have photographed Jacob with a cinematographic camera" thought Mr. Williams. "He has served as my model and inspiration. But for him such a masterpiece could not have been written."

When the novel was published critics were unanimous in singing the praise of this masterpiece. And the novel earned quite a fortune for Mr. Williams.

"I must thank Jacob for my sensational success" said Mr. Williams. "I had been searching for a model and found it in Jacob. I don't know how I shall repay him for this, dear. I have created a masterpiece only because Jacob has given me the inspiration."

"I was thinking something, dear" said his wife. "Something concerning Jacob and Emilia. I know Emilia simply worships Jacob. Don't you notice how happy she looks when Jacob is with us?"

"I too was thinking in your way, dear. Jacob too seems to like our Emilia. Well, I know he can't help it."

Emilia was overhearing her parents' conversation about herself. Her heart leapt with joy and she blushed, though none was noticing her.

"I would like to unite them in marriage" said Mrs. Williams. "They will make a very happy and ideal couple."

"And I know Jacob will be overwhelmed with joy if he hears your decision, dear."

In the other room Emilia was deeply blushing.... And then? One beautiful evening Miss Emilia Williams became Mrs. Emilia Winters.

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# "Initial letters" Competition

*Closing date: 20-2-'35.* *Results on 5-3-'35.*

*FIRST PRIZE Rs. 150.* *SECOND PRIZE Rs. 100.*

## What you have to do

Below you are given 10 words in which a picture is inserted in place of the initial letter. You have to find out those missing letters with the aid of the clues and the pictures given against each row and complete the words. For example in No. A. is Holds Liquid. The picture shows Bells so take B and you get Bottle, as the Solution. Similarly the others also can be solved. For other rules and conditions see below.

## Rules & Conditions.

1. The First Prize of Rs. 150 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all correct solution, that is one which agrees with the solution in the Editor's possession, and the second prize of Rs. 100 to the next best in merit. In case of ties, the prizes will be equally divided.

2. The Solutions must be in the Special Funny Magzin Coupon. An entrance fee of one anna must be sent along with each entry sent in the Funny Magzin coupon. Readers may send as many attempts as they like. If the Funny Magzin coupons are not available, entries can be sent on plain pieces of paper with their name and address clearly filled up. Each entry sent on a plain piece of paper should be accompanied by 2½ as. [1½ as. the price of the coupon + 1 anna the entrance fee.]

3. Solutions must be addressed to the Competition Editor, "Initial letters Competition" FUNNY Magzin Office, No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras, and must reach the Funny Magzin office before the evening of 20th February 1935. Entries with alternatives in the same coupon or entries received after the closing date will be disqualified.

4. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to this Competition is final. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the solutions that may be mislaid or lost. No correspondence can be entered into.

5. The results of the "Initial letters Competition" will be announced in the issue of Funny Mag. dated 5th March 1935.

# Results of 'New Year' Competition.

***The Correct Solutions of the 'New Year' Competition are as follows :—***

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. QUILL. | 2. LIME. | 3. BOLE. | 4. WILL. |
| 5. RANA. | 6. CALENDAR. | 7. MOTOR. | 8. SIROP. |

## The first prize of Rs. 150 has been won by the following competitors.

1. B. MITRA,
117, Land Lord,
Hatkanagale.

2. R. H. HENRY,
7, Sukumar Street,
Calcutta.

3. R. SHANMUGA SUNDARAM,
19, Thandavaraya Mudali St.,
Triplicane, Madras.

4. K. NARAYANASAMY AIYER,
Agraharam,
Mangapatnam.

**Each gets Rs. 37-8-0.**

## The Second prize of Rs. 100 has been won by the following Competitors.

1. G. V. PANCHAPAGESAN,
Unit Acctt.
3rd Bn. 6th Rajputana Rifles, Neemuch (C.I.)

2. G. H. MALIK,
Malik, Buildings, Sailkot City.

3. ARGHA KUMAR BOSE,
10, News Park Street, Calcutta.

4. S SUBBA RAO,
Pleader, Gooty.

5. S G. C. DHARMALINGAM,
1103, Pettai Bazar Street. Kumbakonam.

6 & 8. K. L. NARASIMACHAR,
Kattawadi Agrahar, Mysore.

9, 10 & 11. Y. VENKATESWARLU,
M. V. Agraharam, 1249/1. Nellore.

12. K. R. GOPALA PILLAI,
V Form A, B. H. School, Chittoor.

13. N. PARAMASIVAN,
Ganapathinagar, Tanjore.

14 to 18. K. RAMANATHAN,
S. B. Section, Postal Audit, Nagpur.

19 to 21. JANAKAMMA,
C/o Sub-Postmaster, Virarajpet.

22. N. K. IYER,
Gulampuri, Amraoti.

23. R. F. MICHAEL,
'Stanley house.' Whitefield.

24. G. M. MOHIDEEN,
Londa.

25. B. MITRA,
117, Land Road, Hatkanagale.

26. K. NARAYANA IYER,
Agraharam, Mangapatnam.

27. R. SHANMUGASUNDARAM,
19, Thandavaraya Mudali St., Madras.

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(Cut along the line).

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**CLOSING DATE 20th February 1935.**

| | |
|---|---|
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| B. ........................ | G. ........................ |
| C ........................ | H. ........................ |
| D. ........................ | I. ........................ |
| E. ........................ | J. ........................ |

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

*Signature*........................................................

*Name* *Mr. / Miss or Mrs.*........................................................

*Address*........................................................

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